

FEBRUARY 12, 1881

THE GRAPHIC

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 585.—Vol. XXIII.

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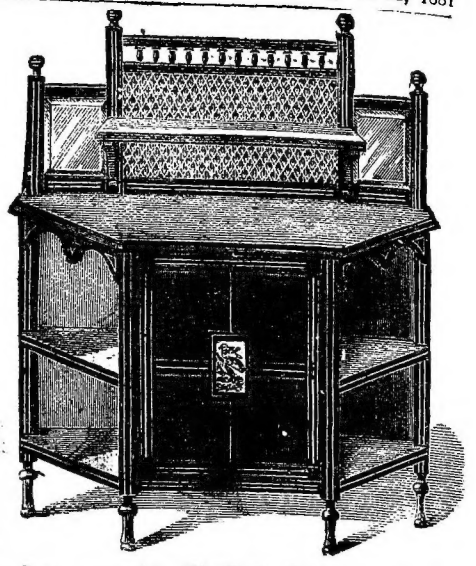
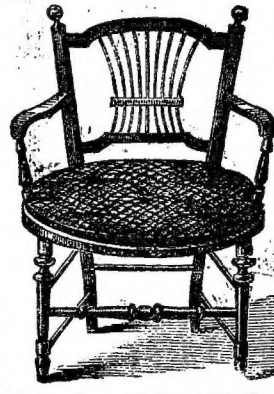
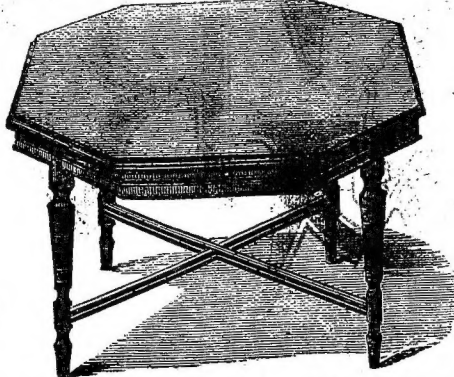
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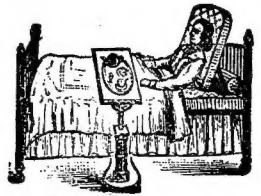
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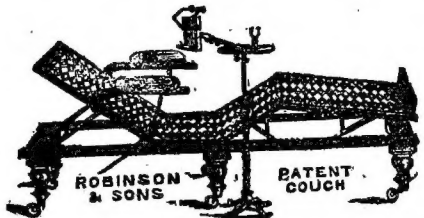
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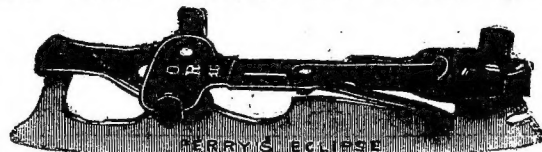
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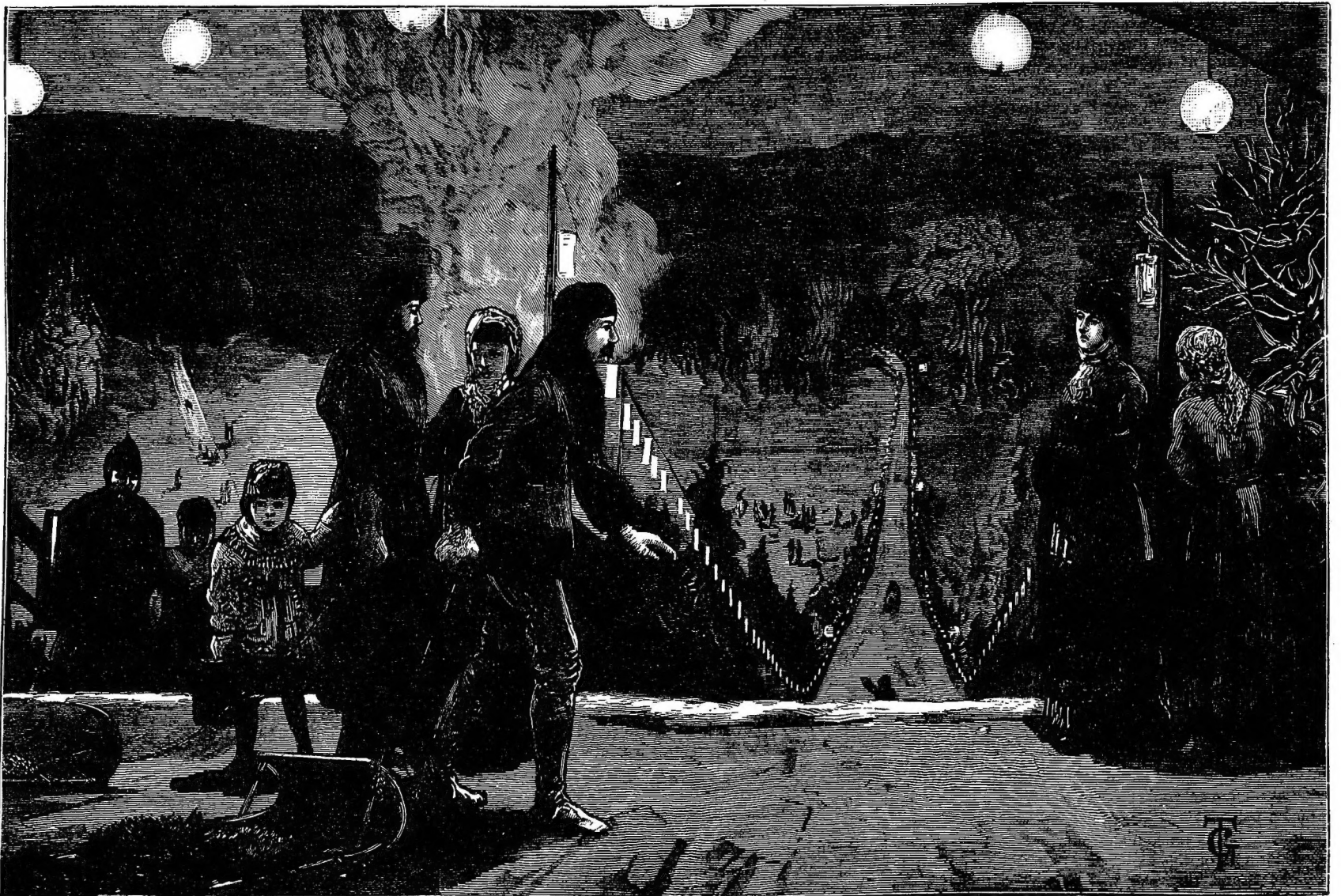
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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1881

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BOAR-HUNTING IN INDIA—"BACK THROUGH THE BEATERS"



WINTER SPORTS IN CANADA—LORD LORNE'S TOBOGGANING PARTY AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE

Topics of the Week

THE CABUL PAPERS.—Now that the papers discovered during the British occupation of Cabul are before the world, it is no longer possible to pretend that the Afghan policy of the late Government was determined by mere panic. Here we have full evidence of the designs of Russia—designs far more serious than any that were attributed to her by the majority of Lord Beaconsfield's supporters. Among the papers is a copy of a treaty by which Shere Ali, in return for the protection of Russia, undertook to regulate his conduct almost entirely in accordance with Russian advice. The Duke of Argyll consoles himself, and tries to console the British public, by pointing out that these intrigues were not begun until Lord Lytton had given Russia reason to suspect his intentions. This may be so; but we venture to think that it is not a very important aspect of the question. The important fact is that we have now absolute proof that Russia has the inclination, and may have the power, to strike a heavy blow at our Indian Empire. She had solemnly pledged herself to consider Afghanistan beyond the range of her operations; but no sooner did her European policy conflict with ours than she took steps to secure absolute mastery over the country; and it is clear that her object would have been accomplished if England had not promptly intervened. It is all very well to assure us that this is not likely to happen again, but who is really in a position to make any such assurance? The force of circumstances might compel even a Liberal Government to resist Russian ambition; and it is as certain as anything in politics can be that if these conditions ever arise, and if we lose our hold over Afghanistan, Russia will retaliate precisely as she did two years ago. It is well that the facts have been submitted to the public before the Government has come to an irrevocable decision respecting Candahar. Our troops ought at any rate not to be recalled until the whole matter has been re-discussed in Parliament.

ALLEGED TREACHERY OF THE BOERS.—It is only natural that a strong sympathy should be felt for the Transvaal Boers by their compatriots in the Orange Free State and in the Cape Colony. Nor is it surprising that a similar sentiment should exist in Holland, the Dutch and the Boers being about as much akin as are the inhabitants of this island and the citizens of the United States. Concerning the interest professed for the Boers by Germans and Americans, we may rightfully feel somewhat suspicious; the sentiments expressed being probably quite as much due to a malicious pleasure of seeing England in a fix, as to enthusiasm for the cause of these Batavian Africanders. Meanwhile we recommend our German and American friends, before making up their minds that the Boers are altogether in the right, and that we are altogether in the wrong, to take the trouble to study a few admitted facts of South African history, say, from the time when the Dutch farmers "trekked" out of the reach of the British flag up to the present time. The words "present time" include the conduct of the Boers since the outbreak, and the evidence adduced certainly seems to show that, even admitting their right to revolt, they have seriously transgressed the rules of civilised warfare. We pass by the cowardly murder of Captain Elliott, because that may have been an isolated act, and has been condemned by Mr. Joubert. But what shall we say of the rising at Pretoria? Did it not rather resemble the sudden treacherous regimental outbreaks during the Indian Mutiny than the action of a body of Christian patriots bent on the restoration of their beloved Republic? And what of Bronker's Spruit, where the 94th were slaughtered? The story of the bandsman, which has an inherent appearance of trustworthiness, proves the alleged battle to have been a deliberately-planned cold-blooded massacre. Again, later reports from Pretoria state that the white flag has thrice been used treacherously. And lastly it appears to us a singular act of inhumanity to take (this incident happened near Newcastle) the oxen from two ambulances full of wounded men, and, after leaving the poor agonised wretches for some time in this condition, unable to proceed further, to make prisoners of them.

ENGLAND AND THE GERMAN POWERS.—On his way to Constantinople Mr. Goschen visited Berlin and Vienna, and had long interviews with Prince Bismarck and Baron Haymerle. This is only one of many indications that a great change is passing over the policy of the English Government. During the agitation which preceded the General Election there was nothing about which Mr. Gladstone spoke with so much bitterness as the supposed misdeeds of Austria in the East. It would be necessary, he declared, to watch her proceedings closely; and he warned her that if she attempted to discourage the rising nationalities, the motto of England under a Liberal Government would be "Hands off!" All this, of course, applied equally to Germany, since Germany and Austria had given unmistakable proof that they intended to pursue a common policy. Had Mr. Gladstone been able to rely with confidence on a French alliance, he might have had some excuse for talk of this kind; but France quickly caused him to understand that she was in no mood for adventurous enterprises. At the same time he learned both

from Vienna and Berlin that the German Powers did not intend to regulate their course by sentimental considerations, and that it would not suit them to see the Turks driven bag and baggage from Europe. The English Government has been forced, much against its will, to shape its action in accordance with these disagreeable facts; and now it seems to be anxious to arrive at a cordial understanding both with Germany and Austria. In other words, it has been compelled, after a vast amount of declamation, to tread in the steps of the last Government, whose policy was supposed to be determined by all sorts of sinister motives. If England can manage to act cordially with the German Powers, the prospects of peace will be much more favourable; but it is surely to be regretted that she was ever induced to deviate from the only path which is likely to lead to a satisfactory issue.

THE ARMY ESTIMATES.—Mr. Childers has not yet disclosed the intended new measures of reform and re-organisation; we will here therefore make a few remarks suggested by the official statistics. Except the small regular army of the United States, which is practically a Frontier Police, the British is the hardest-worked Army in the world. Frenchmen and Germans, Austrians and Italians, may be more bothered with drill and routine duties, but they are not sent away as our troops habitually are to live in uncongenial climates and to cope with savage or semi-savage foes. The French conscript thinks a good deal of going to Algeria; but an English recruit would submit more cheerfully to be grilled by a North African sun than boycotted by a West of Ireland Land League. We have purposely omitted mention of Russia and Turkey, because the conditions of service in those countries more resembles our own. Our own Army is often said to be very costly compared to that of Continental States, but then we pay our volunteer soldiers, whereas Continental Governments do not pay their conscripts. Again, although these matters are becoming more equalised, the standard of living in this country is higher than on the Continent, and, owing to the scattered nature of our dominions, the cost of transport is infinitely greater. Putting aside the Reserves, it may be roughly stated that we have about 120,000 men ready for active service, and that they cost us about 2*l.* 10*s.* per head weekly. This seems, and is, a great deal; but, in an industrial community like ours, the conscription would be a far heavier tax. Yet when we consider how much of our force is absorbed by India, Ireland, and South Africa, we shall be compelled, if we go to war with a big Power, either to raise our rate of pay, or to resort to some form of compulsory service.

GREECE AND THE POWERS.—There seems to have been a lull for some time in the negotiations respecting the Greek claims, but they will be seriously resumed when Mr. Goschen and Count Hatzfeldt return to Constantinople. What may be the result nobody can foretell with confidence; but the prevailing opinion throughout Europe appears to be that, after all, war will be avoided. The Greeks, indeed, do not manifest the slightest inclination to abate their demands, and they go on with their warlike preparations. A powerful impression, has, however, been produced upon them by the recent speech of M. Saint-Hilaire, who frankly warned them that the Berlin Conference had given them no legal right to the territory which they claim. He added plainly that France would engage in "no adventure" on their behalf, and as a sincere supporter of the Hellenic cause urged them to be satisfied with the concessions which the Porte is willing to offer. As the French Chamber unanimously approved of these declarations, the Greeks have no excuse for supposing that the Foreign Minister does not represent the general sentiments of his countrymen. They are still apparently disposed to hope that England would help them in the last resort; but England has so many troubles of her own to occupy her attention that it may be questioned whether even Mr. Gladstone's Government would be strong enough to induce the nation to sanction active interference in the matter. As for Germany and Austria, they have from the beginning advised Greece to be moderate, and they are not likely to change their counsels. In these circumstances it may be hoped that the Greeks will be prudent enough to retreat from a position in which they may be exposed to terrible danger. That they have not been very fairly treated is, we think, quite true; for both England and France unquestionably conveyed the impression that the decisions of the Berlin Conference were, at whatever cost, to be enforced. But since this is no longer possible, the wisest course for Greece is to take what she can get by peaceful means, and for the future to trust, as Lord Beaconsfield advised, to "the magic of patience."

ASHANTEE.—The mass of our countrymen, especially the middle classes, upon whom falls the chief brunt of the taxes, were probably never in a less aggressive temper than they now are. What with troubles in South Africa, Ireland, and Afghanistan, and a threatened war in South-Eastern Europe, Englishmen have no desire to add to their responsibilities. News spreads swiftly and far nowadays, and perhaps it is because he is aware of these facts that King Koffee Calcalli has assumed such an aggressive attitude. He and his advisers seem to have forgotten all about the occurrences of seven years ago, when our troops captured and burnt his capital city, Coomassie, and compelled His

Majesty to pay an indemnity. The present quarrel is one in which the most ardent negrophilist can scarcely fail to sympathise with the British rather than with the King, seeing that we are threatened with invasion unless we deliver up a refugee to almost certain torture and death. It is to be hoped that the black troops on the spot, aided by the crew of the steam corvette *Champion*, which has been ordered to the coast, will suffice for the protection of the colony. No one desires another invasion of the Ashantee Kingdom. If successful, we should almost certainly be compelled to follow up our victory by annexation; but it is quite possible, judging from two former instances, that the expedition might prove a failure; and, as the sickly season is now coming on, many lives would be sacrificed. Even, therefore, if the King persists in his arrogant demands, the colonial authorities will act most wisely if they remain strictly on the defensive.

MR. CARLYLE.—Most people were not displeased to hear that Mr. Carlyle had left directions that he was to be buried at his native place. At the same time no Englishman of our age had acquired a better right to the honour of a resting-place in Westminster Abbey. That he had great faults as a writer, everybody admits; they are so great that posterity will perhaps have some difficulty in recognising the full splendour of his genius. Notwithstanding his eccentricities, however, it may be questioned whether any writer of the nineteenth century will take higher rank in English literature. The quality which secures immortality for books is imagination; and Carlyle's imagination was almost, if not quite, of the loftiest order. What author of our era—poet, historian, or biographer—has given such vitality to past times, or made the world familiar with so many types of character? He compels us to live with him amid the scenes which he depicts; and if we cannot always share his enthusiasm for his heroes, we cannot but admire the dramatic force with which they are represented. Carlyle's humour is hardly less remarkable than his imagination; and his pathos is sometimes as deep as that of Shakespeare himself. He seems to have valued his writings chiefly because of the doctrines which he proclaimed in them; and there can be no doubt that his teaching has exercised a profound influence over the thought of more than one generation. It has been all the more impressive because of the personal character of the teacher, who was revered and loved by everybody brought into contact with him. Old as he was, he will be sadly missed by multitudes of Englishmen who, although they may have differed from many of his opinions, owed to him some of their truest and noblest impulses.

GOLD-MINING SPECULATIONS.—Ever since the Black Friday of 1866, and the subsequent official exposure of the Foreign Loan swindles, investors have shown a praiseworthy degree of prudence. Hence savings accumulated, and there was such a competition for securities which were really securities, that they now command but a low rate of interest. The usual result is now taking place. People become dissatisfied with four per cent., they hanker after more hazardous enterprises. Then comes the opportunity of the Company-promoter, who sows his plausible prospectuses broadcast. Though the animating spirit is the same, the form of speculation differs in succeeding generations. Five-and-thirty years ago railways, now gold-mines, are the veritable Pactolus. We advise widows, spinsters, clergymen, retired naval and military officers, and other persons of similar keen commercial acumen, to pause before they leap into the seductive whirlpool. Geologists are well aware that gold is very extensively distributed in various parts of the world, but the ore must contain a certain percentage of the precious metal to make it worth while extracting the latter. If you knew that a sovereign was buried underground, and also knew that it would cost five-and-twenty shillings to dig it up, you would probably let it alone. This parallel holds good of many well-known auriferous localities; we have examples in this island, in North Wales and Sutherlandshire. The result is that gold-mining is a thorough lottery, even when the enterprise is promoted by honest men, who are untainted by stock-jobbing propensities, who really mean to mine for the gold, and who know how to set about the work. Such being the case, we venture to whisper in the ear of the naval, military, clerical, or spinsterian would-be-investor—"Don't!"

BURGLARS AND REVOLVERS.—We have often inveighed in these columns against revolvers, pointing out their inutility for protective purposes, and their handiness for all sorts of mischief. It was bad enough when they were the cause of accidents in the hands of careless persons, or when they were used by deliberate murderers and suicides. Fortunately, however, deliberate murderers are rare; and, as for suicides, even if deprived of one lethal instrument they would soon find another. But it is altogether a different and a more alarming matter when the members of an extensive and lucrative profession take to carrying revolvers. We allude, of course, to burglars and highway robbers. The recent occurrences in Cromwell Road and at Leith read like cuttings from American newspapers. We are glad to see that a question about revolvers has been asked in Parliament. The Home Secretary said it would be a difficult matter to check the practice of carrying firearms. But would the difficulty be really so very great? Why should



MR. ROBERT SAMUEL HEATH (TRINITY COLLEGE)
Second Wrangler

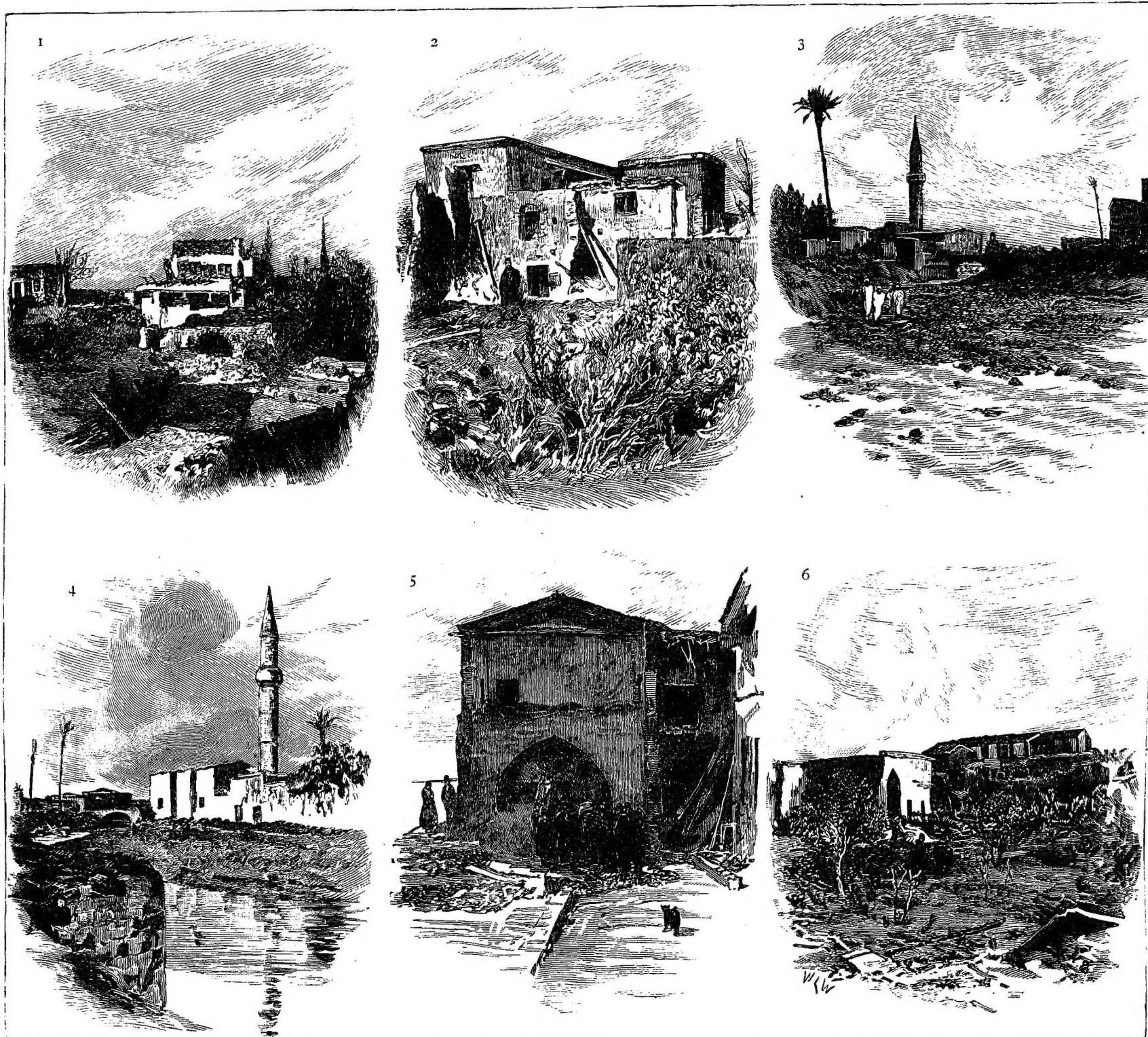


MR. ALEXANDER RUSSELL FORSYTH (TRINITY COLLEGE)
Senior Wrangler

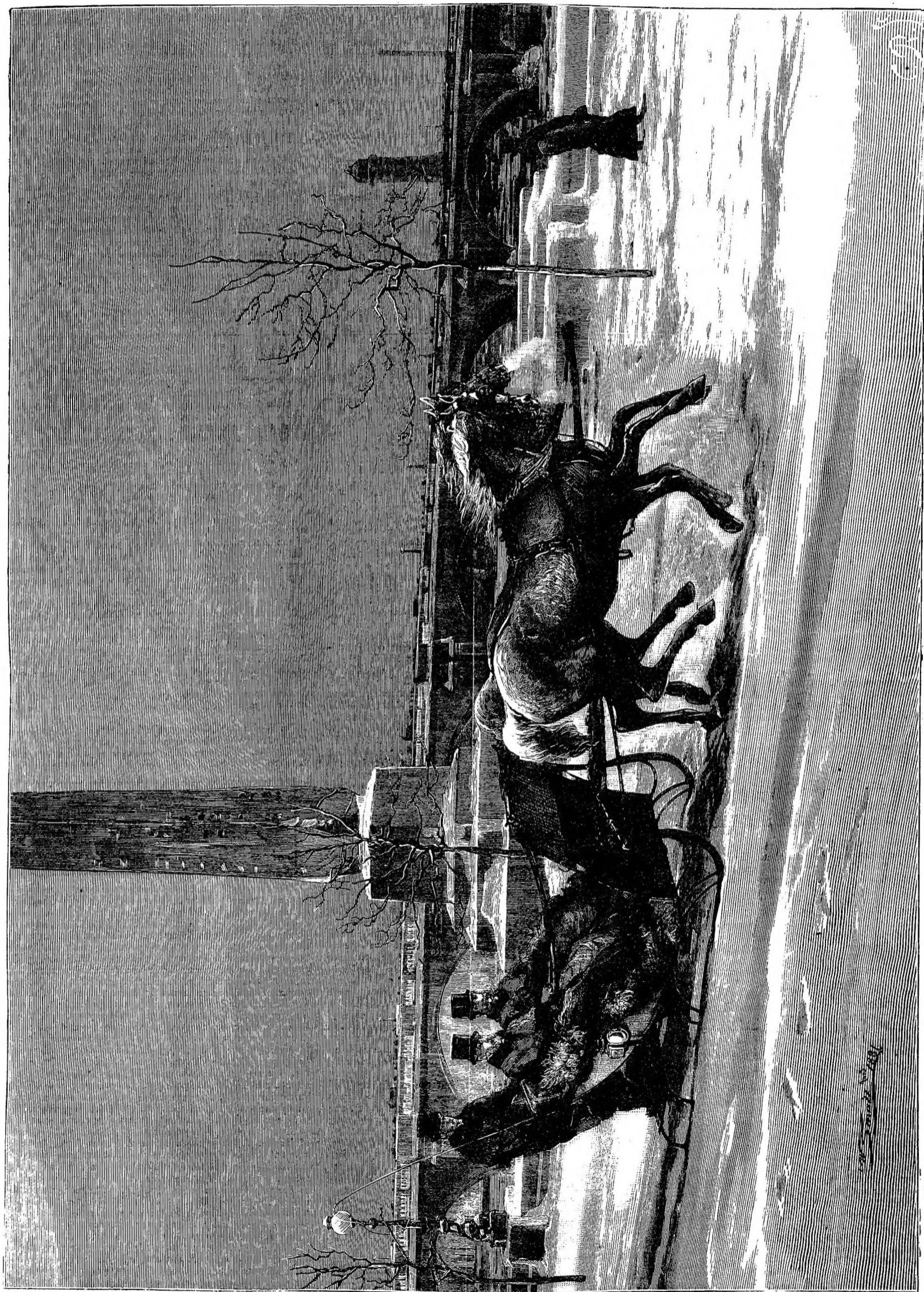


MR. ALFRED ERNEST STEINTHAL (TRINITY COLLEGE)
Third Wrangler

THE CAMBRIDGE MATHEMATICAL TRIPOS



1, 2. Ruins in Victoria Street.—3. Turkish Mosque, Looking Down the River.—4. Turkish Mosque, Looking Up the River.—5. Byron Café.—6. Prince Albert Street.
NOTES FROM CYPRUS—THE RECENT INUNDATIONS AT LIMASOL

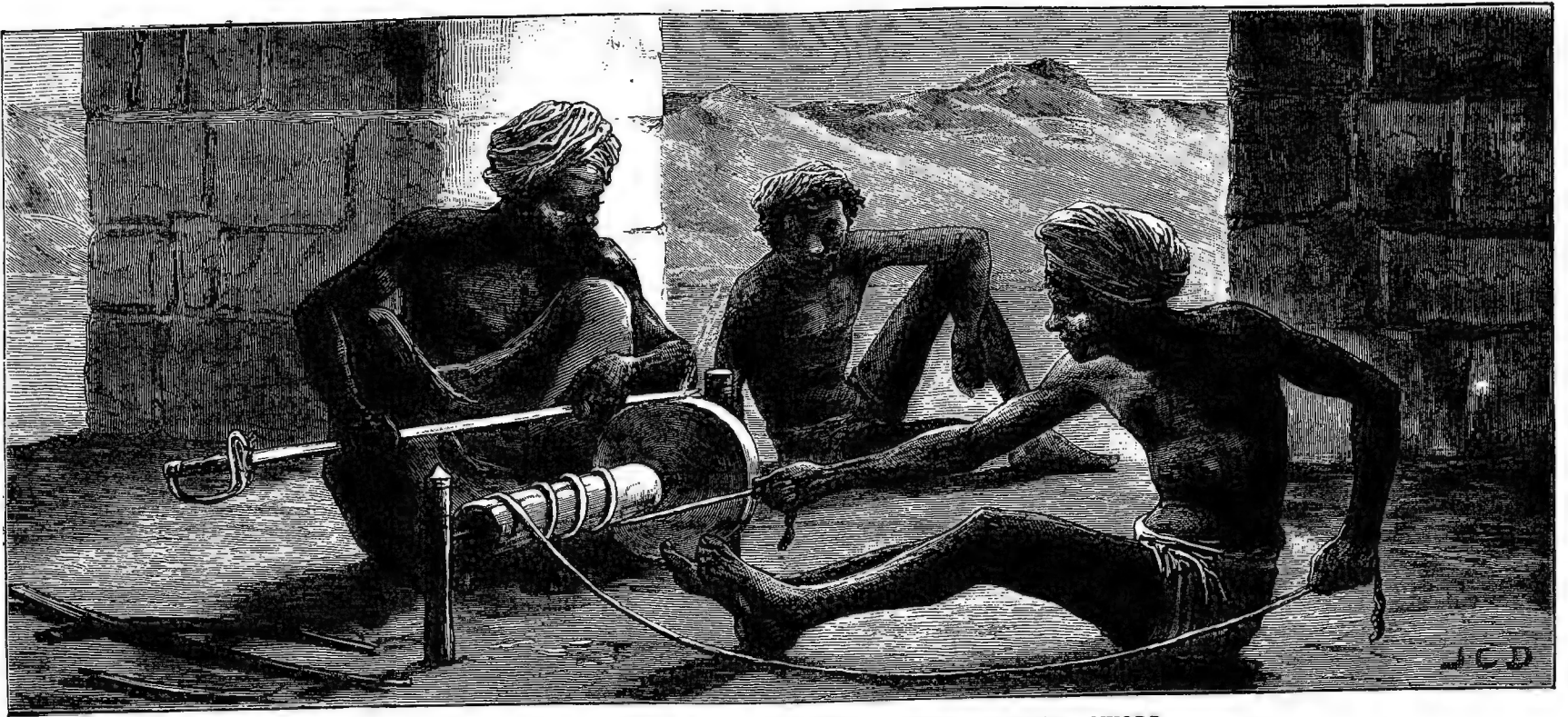


THE LATE FROST--THE PRINCE OF WALES SLEIGHING ON THE THAMES EMBANKMENT

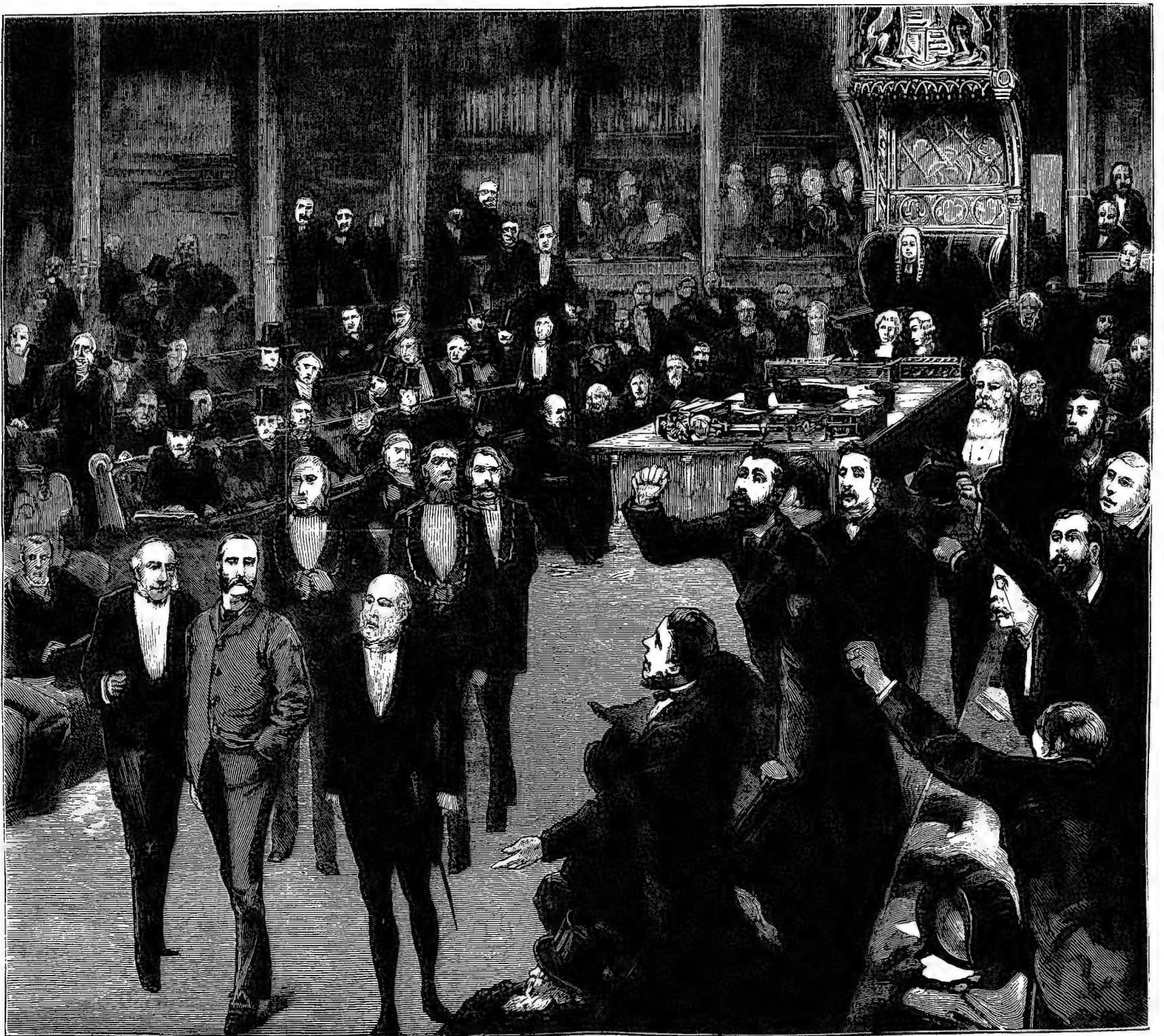
W. J. L. 1881



THE ADVANCE INTO THE TRANSVAAL—A BRITISH CONVOY IN THE PASSES OF
THE DRakensberg



OUR TROOPS IN CANDAHAR—GRINDING THE SAHIB'S SWORD

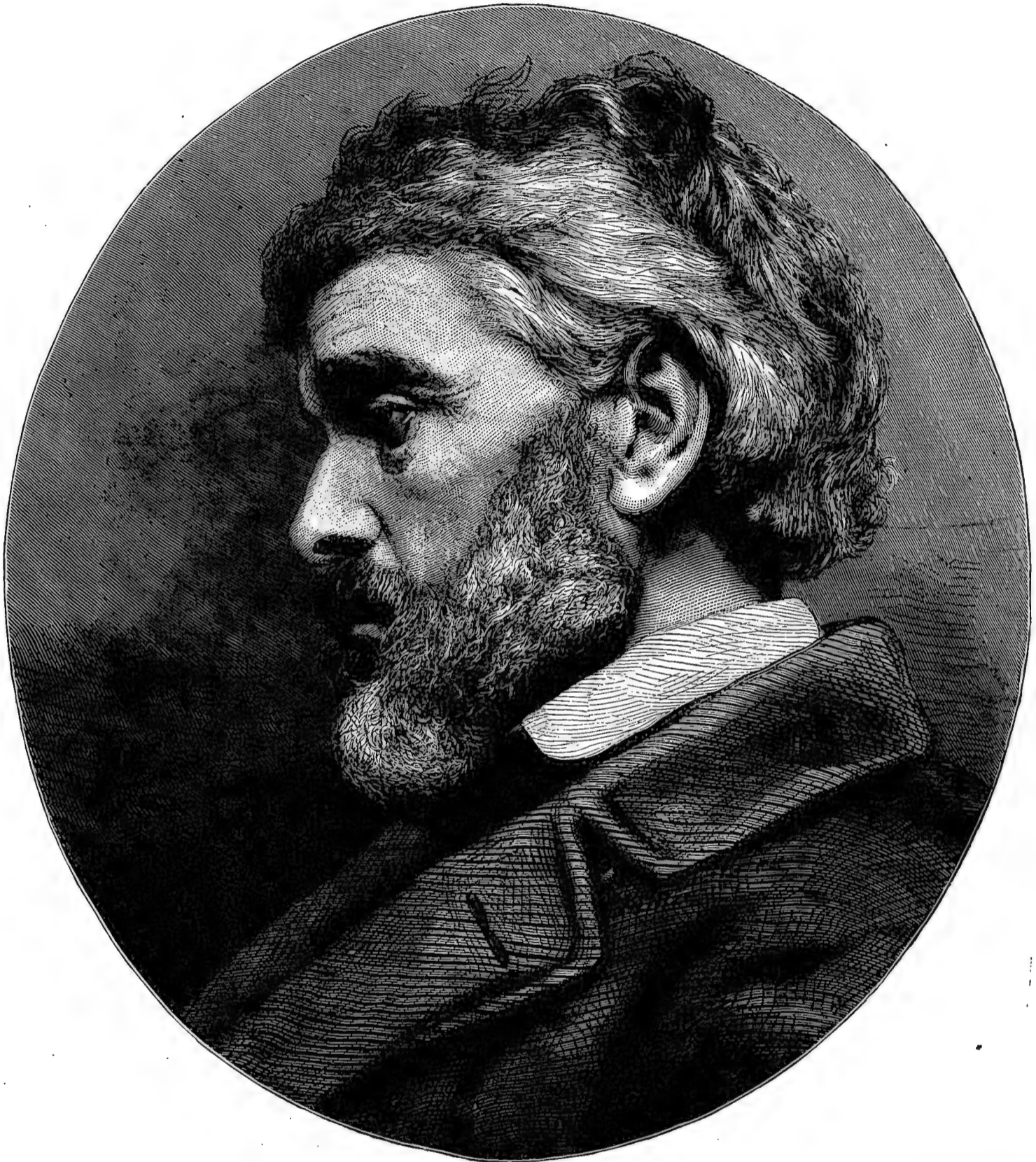


THE DEFEAT OF OBSTRUCTION IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS—REMOVAL OF MR. PARNELL BY ORDER OF THE SPEAKER

THE LATE THOMAS CARLYLE,

A BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL SKETCH.

BY CHARLES N. WILLIAMSON.



BORN DEC. 4, 1795

THOMAS CARLYLE

DIED FEB. 5, 1881

WHEN occasion once arose for Carlyle to describe his occupation, he called himself "a Writer of Books." The phrase in these days includes many persons. But even in this age of authors, Carlyle is altogether exceptional. He took up the pen at the age of twenty-five, he laid it down at eighty. The writings produced in that time are among the most remarkable of a century, rich in great, though not the greatest, writers. They mirror the mind of one of the strongest individualities, of one of the most earnest moralists of a profoundly interesting epoch. In them the age can see its own image, and from them it can draw much of its best instruction. The warnings which peal from some pages almost affright by their vehemence, the stimulus which flows from others sometimes overpowers by its enthusiasm.

Carlyle overtops by a head and shoulders the other writers of the three generations through which he has lived, by reason of his power and sympathy. His outward life was uneventful; his achievements are his books.

ECCLEFECHAN

THE Ecclefechan of the present day resembles closely enough many another Scottish lowland hamlet. It lies in Dumfriesshire, some ten miles over the border from Carlisle, and the one street of which it consists straggles along the bottom of a valley shut in, on almost all sides, by high wooded hills. It contains a good-sized church and school-house, a tiny graveyard, a Post Office, and two or three small inns. A shallow, gurgling stream, which once flowed open down the street, and was crossed by numerous bridges, has

within the last five years been bricked over in its upper part, and one of the most picturesque and distinctive features of the village is thus obliterated. The cutting down of a row of ancient beech trees, which once extended in a double line along the banks of the little brook, has further destroyed the beauty of the place. The village seems dead; the arrival of a strange pedestrian brings the inhabitants to their doors. Yet, despite its smallness and present unimportance, for since the construction of the railway it has lost the profit and briskness which it gained from being a stopping place of the coaches running between London and Edinburgh, Ecclefechan has recorded its name in Scottish and British history. It is the birthplace of Robert Peel, the ancestor of one of England's greatest Premiers, of Dr. Arnott, the friend of Napoleon, and of Dr. Currie, the biographer of Robert Burns.

Burns himself was once called to Ecclefechan by his duties as "supervisor," was snowed up there for days in a storm still spoken of for its severity, drank hard to pass the time, wrote to his friend Thomson describing it as an "unfortunate, wicked little village," and composed his song, "The Lass of Ecclefechan." This incident alone is enough to confer immortality on the little hamlet, but it is not on any of these accounts that it is already becoming a place of pilgrimage. A greater name than any of these is connected with Ecclefechan, for, in a tiny room in a small dwelling known as the Arched House, standing at the lower end of the village, near where the little stream now gushes out again into the day, was born, on the 4th of December, 1795, just ten months after Burns's memorable visit, "the great Tom Carlyle," as the villagers are accustomed affectionately to call the most illustrious of their townsmen. Travellers from long distances come to Ecclefechan, and inquire for the birthplace of Thomas Carlyle. They wander down to the Arched House, and lean upon the low stone wall which protects one side of the stream, and gaze across the chattering brook to the narrow window of a room built in the archway. Permission gained of "old Scott," the gravedigger, and present occupant, they may ascend the red stone steps to the little room where, in the same cupboard bed still standing in the recess of the wall, Thomas Carlyle first drew breath eighty-five long years ago. A visit to the graveyard, where sleep his father, his mother, brother, and sisters, completes the examination of the visible reminiscences of Carlyle to which the villagers are now becoming well accustomed.

FATHER AND MOTHER

"I NEVER heard tell of any clever man that came out of entirely stupid people," said Carlyle once, and he is an example of the truth of his own saying. By birth and training Carlyle is of the people. His father was a stonemason; his mother was of the humbler ranks of the Lowland peasantry. But both were of exceptional character. James Carlyle is still well remembered by the older inhabitants of Ecclefechan. He was a man of sterling worth, severe even to harshness, an enemy to all pretence, one who loved to do his work well. "He was a man," said his son Thomas of him, "into the four corners of whose house there had shined through the years of his pilgrimage, by day and by night, the light of the glory of God." He is said to have read much for a man of his station, and to have been noted for his power of telling a good story well. His circumstances improved, and at his death he owned not a little property in Ecclefechan and the neighbourhood. When he was thirty-two years old he married a cousin, Janet Carlyle. She died in 1792, aged twenty-five, and left him no children. His second wife, Margaret Aitken, he married at Ecclefechan in 1795, and Thomas Carlyle was the first-born of a family which included nine children in all,—four sons and five daughters. Margaret Aitken was a woman of placid temper, skilled in all matters of domestic interest, and of deep religious spirit. She won the affectionate veneration of her children, those of them living at her death in 1853 describing themselves on her gravestone as "gratefully reverent of such a Father and such a Mother."

FIRST STEPS

OF such parents, and in such surroundings, Thomas Carlyle was born and bred. The influences which now poured in upon his childish intelligence moulded his character, and left their impress upon his whole life. Chief among them were the severe, but unaffected, piety of his parents, and the eternal glories of Nature. From the first he drew his own hardy morality, which rendered his life as blameless as Arthur's. The second attuned his mind to the higher emotions and prepared the way for the easy reception, later on, of much of the Transcendental Philosophy. In childhood he was "noted as a still infant." He mixed little with child companions, preferring to listen to the quaint talk of his father, or stand wide-eyed and open-eared among the elders of the hamlet conversing on the village green on still summer evenings after the heat and burden of the day. He observed eagerly and noted all, he delighted in wandering alone among the hills and streams and woods around his native hamlet. The village schoolmaster early put him in possession of the first rough tools with which to hew out the fine statue of knowledge yet lying in the middle of the marble block, and his quick progress was observed both by teacher and parents. When eight years old it was determined he should be sent to the best school of the district. This was the Academy at Annan, the reputation of whose master, Mr. Adam Hope, had extended far and wide through Annandale. So early one morning the father and son walked the six miles over to Annan, along the road which afterwards became so familiar to the boy. It is a beautiful road, winding along the sides, and cresting the tops, of the gently rounded hills. Here and there it crosses the Annan River, and at times glimpses are caught of the distant Solway Firth. But bitter memories must have been associated with this path, for the boy's retiring nature became still more noticed at school, and he suffered much from the bullying and tormenting of his school-fellows. The master's discipline, too, was stern, almost savage, and for the first time the boy missed the friendliness and protection of his father's roof. He boarded in Annan during the week, returning home on Saturday, and to school again on Monday morning. Six years he attended the Annan Academy,

acquiring the usual rudiments of knowledge, and a not inconsiderable smattering of mathematics.

COLLEGE LIFE

YOUNG CARLYLE was now fourteen years of age. It was time that he should choose his work in life. The gravity and stillness of his boyhood, his ready intelligence, and his industry, had raised the hopes of both his parents. His schoolmaster is reported to have said that the boy was a genius, and should be sent to the University. The notion fitted well with the father's plans, who cherished the idea of seeing his eldest son enter the ministry of the Scottish Church. Accordingly, in 1810, when he had not quite completed his fifteenth year, young Thomas entered the University of Edinburgh. The course of study to fit a student for the ministry extended over eight years. The four first were occupied with the ordinary classical and philosophical education, that is, the classics, mathematics, logic, and moral philosophy. After this course followed four years of theology, including Hebrew and Ecclesiastical History. Commencing at thirteen the education would be complete at twenty-one. This was the curriculum to which Carlyle applied himself. At that time, as at this, there was no college residence among the students. The University was merely a collection of class-rooms and libraries, and the students lived in lodgings in the streets around the University buildings. At Edinburgh Carlyle met again Edward Irving, whom he had seen once before at Annan, where Irving had preceded him as a pupil at the Academy, and whither he had returned to show his college honours to Mr. Hope, while Carlyle was yet a schoolboy. Irving had been at the University four years when Carlyle arrived. They renewed their former acquaintance, which subsequently deepened into a warm friendship, which continued up to Irving's death. The Edinburgh Session lasted only from November to May, so that there were long holidays to be spent among the familiar scenes at Ecclefechan. Some of the Professors of the day were distinguished men. Thomas Brown was Professor of Moral Philosophy and Logic, Leslie of Mathematics, Dunbar of Greek, and Playfair of Natural Philosophy. Classics and mathematics young Carlyle studied with devotion. Natural science, too, he took up with the greatest ardour, but from the first he showed a distaste for the course of lectures under Brown. That kind of mental science which proceeds by analysis was then, and always remained, an object of contempt with him. It was during the severe course of reading in mathematics to which he now subjected himself, that his health gave way, and that he laid the foundation of that dyspeptic disorder which ever afterwards continued to trouble him. Now, too, according to some reports, he had a romantic and unhappy love affair.

CHOICE OF A CAREER

IT was at the end of the Session in May, 1814, that Carlyle terminated his regular college career. He had gone through the ordinary arts curriculum, though like many other young men of genius, he had not confined himself strictly to the prescribed routine of study, or taken high academic honours. His active intellect had urged him in many directions, and his reading had been wide and deep. It is difficult to say at what precise time he first had misgivings as to the propriety of his entering the Church, but there is no doubt that one of the first results of his deeper thought was to induce him to reconsider his mental attitude towards his early creed. His hesitation increased, and he resolved to postpone, for the present, a final decision. The post of mathematical teacher in the burgh school of Annan, the Academy where he had himself learned and suffered under Mr. Hope, happened at this time to be vacant, and it was to be filled by competitive examination carried on at Dumfries. Young Carlyle competed, and at the close of the examination was declared the successful candidate. College life had removed him but little from the scenes and friends of his childhood. The Sessions were arranged to allow the students leisure in the summer to work and lay by money for their support at college during the winter, and young Carlyle had always spent his long vacations in rambling over his native Annandale, or exploring the haunts around Dumfries already hallowed to the memory of Scotchmen by their reminiscences of Burns. The new work at the Annan Academy allowed him, however, to be constantly at home, and in the two years during which he held the post he maintained his connection with the University by availing himself of the "partial sessions," an institution enabling students to obtain certificates, even though they might live and study at a distance from the Alma Mater. Sometime before this Edward Irving had become a schoolmaster. For two years he had taught at Haddington, and was now settled at Kirkcaldy, where he had started a "venture school" known as "The Academy." Its success led, after a time, to the establishment of another school, for which a mathematical and classical master was required. Application was made to Sir John Leslie, "the odd, clumsy, kindly Leslie," who had already helped young Irving by his high recommendations. The mathematician remembered his other brilliant pupil, Thomas Carlyle. To him accordingly the post was offered. He accepted it, and in 1816, being then just twenty-one, he bade good-bye to parents and pupils, and transferred his services from Annan to Kirkcaldy. Here the young schoolmasters renewed their affectionate intimacy. Together they "talked, and wrought, and thought;" together

they "strove by virtue of birch and book to initiate the urchins into what is called the rudiments of learning." With the waves of the North Sea rolling at their feet the two young men paced the sands of the "lang toun," Irving all enthusiasm and hope, Carlyle grave and desponding. Neither had yet found his work. Irving was turning towards the ministry with hourly increasing ardour; Carlyle was just deciding that that could never be his career. For the present they gave their energies to the task in hand, and enforced discipline upon their scholars with a severity which is said to have called down upon them the indignation of the mothers of the Kirkcaldy youth. For two years they were together in the Fifeshire town, and then together they quitted it for Edinburgh.

THE CHOICE MADE

THE first conscious crisis in Carlyle's life had now arrived. He had, after fair trial of it, definitively abandoned schoolmastering. He had attended three "partial sessions" at the Edinburgh Theological Hall, and it was now necessary to decide whether he should follow the example of his friend Irving and enter the ministry, or elect to follow a difficult path, that of literature, towards which he had of late been directing his attention. The decision caused him much mental distress, but it was made at last; he closed against himself the doors of the Kirk. His mind had largely expanded. Deep thoughts had come to him in his reading, and his rumoured first love, though doubtless not a passion, but merely one of those tender sentiments which "play around the heart without touching it," must have revealed to him new possibilities of life. He was unhappy and unsettled. He said: "I have the ends of my thoughts to bring together, which no man can do in this thoughtless scene. I have my views of life to reform, and the whole plan of my conduct to remodel, withal I have my health to recover; and then once more I shall venture my bark upon the waters of this wide realm, and, if she cannot weather it, I shall steer west, and try the waters of another world."

This was the temper in which he entered upon the career of letters. On his return to Edinburgh he again put himself through an incredibly hard course of miscellaneous reading in the University Library. His first piece of literary work is said to have been a story, called "Cruthers and Jonson," published in *Fraser's Magazine* in January, 1831, but written much earlier. His first important work was a series of articles contributed to Brewster's "Edinburgh Cyclopædia," between the years 1820-1823. Exigencies of alphabetical arrangement, rather than any special fitness on the part of the author, seem to account for the choice of subjects. The most important articles are those on Montaigne, Montesquieu, Necker, and Nelson, and the two Pitts. There is little noticeable about them. The compilation is industrious, and the style easy and conventional, though here and there are indications of the eccentricities which, later on, were so wonderfully accented. Between the same years he contributed to the (new) *Edinburgh Review* papers on Joanna Baillie's "Metrical Legends" and Goethe's "Faust." None of these have been republished. In 1821 he undertook a more important work, viz., the translation of Legendre's Geometry, prefixing as introduction an original essay "On Proportion," which was attributed at first to Mr. Galbraith, then well known in Edinburgh. Professor De Morgan said of the essay that it was "thoughtful and ingenious, as good a substitute for the Fifth Book of Euclid as could have been given in the space, and quite enough to show that the author would have been a distinguished teacher and thinker on First Principles." In 1822, also, Carlyle became tutor to Charles Buller, a young man whose talents gave the highest promise of a distinguished future. He died when comparatively young, and Carlyle wrote a touching eulogy of him in the *Examiner* of December 2nd, 1848. This appointment placed Carlyle beyond the necessity of having to do literary hack-work.

A NEW LITERATURE

FIFTY years ago German literature was all but unknown in England. There were a few scholars, such as De Quincey and Coleridge, who were conscious to some extent that a new intellectual life had taken possession of Germany. Coleridge had translated "Wallenstein," and Scott "Goetz von Berlichingen." Monk Lewis, too, had attempted to fathom the new literature, but by the public at large, even by the reading public, its very existence was hardly guessed. Of the personality of Goethe, for example, perhaps hardly a dozen Englishmen had any true conception, and of Lessing, Richter, Novalis, and Wieland, the names even had hardly been heard. For the change which has come over England in respect of the knowledge of German thought Carlyle is mainly responsible. Other men have worked in the same direction, but he supplied the initial impulse. For four years he gave himself up almost entirely to the study of German literature.

The first result of his labours was the production of a "Life of Schiller," which appeared in parts in 1823 and 1824 in the *London Magazine*, then edited by Mr. John Scott. It was enlarged and published separately in 1825. The book cannot be ranked among Carlyle's greatest, indeed he would not himself have republished it had not "certain parties, of the pirate species," prepared to reprint it for him. But it is full of interest, is written throughout in a strain of lofty thought, and contains most felicitous descriptions of character. To the student of Carlyle the style is remarkable.

The model followed would seem to be Johnson, for the pages abound in balanced periods and striking antitheses. The most encouraging thing in connection with the book was the fact of its translation into German, with a preface by the great Goethe himself, whose influence was now paramount with Carlyle. In 1824, just as the last number of the "Life of Schiller" was appearing in the *London Magazine*, Carlyle issued anonymously his translation of "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship." It was really the first introduction of Goethe to the English public, and the chorus of praise from the critical organs of the day was tolerably unanimous. De Quincey, however, used the opportunity to make a scathing attack in the *London Magazine* upon Goethe and the morality of his novel. It was one of the cleverest and one of the most unjust of his critical essays, and was quite possibly dictated by jealousy of *Blackwood*, which gave the book a very favourable notice; for between *Blackwood* and the *London* there then existed a deadly feud. It raises a smile now to read this patronising piece of criticism in *Blackwood*. "The translator is, we understand, a young gentleman in this city, who now for the first time appears before the public. We congratulate him on his very promising *début*, and would fain hope to receive a series of really good translations from his hand. He has evidently a perfect knowledge of German; he already writes English better than is at all common, even at this time, and we know no exercise more likely to produce effects of permanent advantage upon a young mind of intellectual ambition, to say nothing of the very favourable reception which we are sure translations of such books, so executed, cannot fail to have on the public mind." Jeffrey used the translation as a stalking-horse to attack Goethe in an essay which is one vehement proclamation of his own critical defects. The book was, he said, "eminently absurd, puerile, incongruous, vulgar, and affected;" it was, in fact, "almost from beginning to end, one flagrant offence against every principle of taste, and every just rule of composition." At the end of his review, however, he could not refrain from awarding some grudging praise, and he seemed to have some misgiving as to the wisdom of his censure.

MARRIAGE

IT was stated some way back that Edward Irving made his first essay as a schoolmaster in the town of Haddington. Of all the hospitable houses of the town in which the young schoolmaster was made welcome he liked best that of Dr. Welsh, the chief medical man of the neighbourhood. Dr. and Mrs. Welsh were blessed with but one child—a daughter; and concerning the education of this little girl there existed a standing difference of opinion between father and mother. The Doctor, for his part, regretted deeply that his daughter was not of the other sex, but Providence having been against him in that particular he resolved as far as possible to neutralise the misfortune by educating the girl as nearly as might be like a boy. To this the mother objected, and the little girl listened wonderingly to the debates carried on upon the subject. She was sorry to distress her father, and resolved, therefore, to take the matter into her own hands, and commence educating herself like a boy. With a happy instinct she pitched upon the Latin grammar as the first essential of knowledge for the male child, and was soon deep in declensions, keeping her project a profound secret. The *dénouement* is thus narrated by Mrs. Oliphant:—"It was evening, when dinner had softened out the asperities of the day; the Doctor sat in luxurious leisure in dressing-gown and slippers sipping his coffee; and all the cheerful accessories of the fireside picture were complete. The little heroine had arranged herself under the table, under the crimson folds of the cover which concealed her small person. All was still; the moment had arrived: '*Penna, penna, pennam!*' burst forth the little voice in breathless stillness. The result may be imagined; the Doctor smothered his child with kisses, and even the mother herself had not a word to say; the victory was complete." The best tutor Haddington could provide must be obtained for so promising a pupil. The Doctor applied to Sir John Leslie, who recommended the young master of the "venture school." So Edward Irving became tutor to Miss Jane Welsh, then aged about nine. There have been few firmer or sweeter friendships than that thus begun between the handsome and enthusiastic young schoolmaster and his willing pupil. It ripened during many years, and continued up to Irving's death. When Carlyle joined Irving at Kirkcaldy, the latter took occasion to introduce his grave friend to the Doctor's cheery household at Haddington, not without important results; for some eight years afterwards, in the year 1826, Carlyle and Miss Welsh were married, he being just thirty-one and she twenty-five.

CRAIGENPUTTOCH

THE first two years of married life were spent by Carlyle and his wife in a house in Comely Bank, Edinburgh. Carlyle was just finishing a series of translations from German authors, which he published in 1827, under the title of "German Romance." The translations were from Musæus, Tieck, Richter, Goethe, La Motte Fouqué, and Hoffmann, with critical and autobiographical notices of each writer. "Honest journey-work in defect of better," he called the undertaking, and he has thought it worth while to republish in the collected edition of his works only one or two of the translations. Carlyle's position in the world of letters was now assured, and he had many friends among the literary circles of Edinburgh. He was over thirty years old, the age

when, if a man has anything great to do, it is time at least to be thinking of it. He was revolving many things in his mind, and great projects were doubtless vaguely shaping themselves. In Edinburgh were constant interruptions, and the social life of a bright city made too great demands upon the time of a man who was living a terribly hard intellectual life. Mrs. Carlyle owned a small estate in her husband's native county, a little farm, called Craigenputtoch. It was isolated, and yet within easy reach of Edinburgh. Thither Carlyle and his wife removed in 1828, and there they lived for six years, which may be regarded as the most important of Carlyle's life. Some of his best work was then produced, and his opinions finally crystallised into beliefs. All that he wrote afterwards was founded on convictions arrived at during this period. His house was fifteen miles north-west of Dumfries, and a letter to Goethe at Weimar, written on the 25th September, 1828, gives a delightful glimpse of the life of the recluse. He says: "In this wilderness of heath and rocks our estate stands forth a green oasis, a tract of plowed, partly enclosed, and planted ground, where corn ripens and trees afford a shade, although surrounded by sea-mews and rough-woolled sheep. Here, with no small effort, have we built and furnished a neat and substantial dwelling; here in the absence of professional or other office, we live to cultivate literature according to our strength, and in our own peculiar way. . . . This nook of ours is the loneliest in Britain, six miles removed from any one who would be likely to visit me. But I came hither solely with the desire to simplify my way of life, and to secure the independence through which I could be enabled to remain true to myself." But in this solitary spot hospitality was not neglected. At Christmas, 1829, Carlyle wrote a kindly letter to Christopher North inviting him to come and stay a week, and De Quincey, too, then in both mental and bodily suffering, was urged to pay his friends a visit. And in August, 1833, Emerson, then first visiting Europe, arrived at Dumfries, intent on delivering a letter of introduction to Carlyle, and found the house among the hills where the "lonely scholar nourished his mighty heart." Emerson has given a fascinating account of the interview in his "English Traits." Some thirty essays, and one volume, were the fruit of Carlyle's six years' seclusion. Of the essays about one-half dealt with German subjects, two only of the papers reprinted in the collected works having been written before 1828, viz., those on Richter, and the "State of German Literature." But these two are among the very best. That on Richter is a masterpiece of sympathetic criticism. It revealed Richter for the first time to the English speaking people. In the essay on the "State of German Literature" Carlyle defends the German writers from Jeffrey's charge of "want of taste," and states the condition in which alone an approach to fair criticism is to be obtained, viz.: "a transposition of the critic into the author's point of vision, a survey of the author's means and objects as they lay before himself, and a just trial of these by rules of universal application." This is the secret of Carlyle's success as a critic—his power to arouse interest in any character he may be describing, a power which springs directly from his own wide sympathies. But this method of criticism was unknown to Jeffrey and the early Edinburgh Reviewers. They tested every work by the same unbending canons, and condemned or praised it as it suited their artificial standard. Carlyle destroyed such criticism as he destroyed the "taste" theory. "Is it then so certain," he asks with irony, "that taste and riches are indissolubly connected? That truth of feeling must ever be preceded by weight of purse, and the eyes be dim for universal and eternal Beauty, till they have long rested on gilt walls and costly furniture?"

Of the other German essays those on Goethe, Heine, Novalis, Schiller, "The Nibelungen Lied," and "Early German Literature" are the most important. They travel over the whole field of German literary activity, lighting it up and making clear to English eyes the aims of all its chief workers. In this fruitful retirement at Craigenputtoch Carlyle produced also critical papers on Burns, Voltaire, and Diderot, as well as two essays, entitled "Signs of the Times" and "Characteristics," these latter containing the germs of his political and social doctrines. All these essays were published in the *Westminster*, *Edinburgh*, and the *Foreign Quarterly Reviews*, and *Fraser's Magazine*. They gave him a world-wide celebrity among the thinking and reading classes, though as yet he had given to the world no volume under his own name.

CARLYLE'S ETHICS

FROM this time Thomas Carlyle became a power in England. It may be well to pause a moment to understand the nature of the message he felt called to deliver to his country. His boyhood was coincident with the war against France; Waterloo was fought and peace arranged when he was twenty-one. The accumulation of wealth in England was unprecedented, and the impetus given to manufacturers by the discoveries of Watt and Arkwright enabled England to dominate the markets of the world. But though wealth had increased enormously the distribution of it was most uneven, and there was an immense amount of distress among the lower classes. When, in 1828, Carlyle retired to Craigenputtoch, "the condition of England question" was one which inevitably excited the serious attention of all thoughtful men. Bentham was the spokesman of the great material movement of the age.

"The monster Utilitaria," which he had evoked, had done a much needed work in treading down "old ruinous Palaces and Temples with his broad hoof," and Bentham's systematising was admirable as far as it went. But Carlyle's whole being was stirred by the denial of the invisible and the moral power of man, which to him was implied in the Benthamite creed, and he uttered in the "Signs of the Times" his first eloquent proclamation of the greatness of the soul of man. He characterises the age as one of machinery. "The truth is, men have lost their belief in the Invisible, and believe, and hope, and work only in the Visible; or, to speak it in other words: This is not a Religious age," and elsewhere he lays it down that "one man that has a higher Wisdom, a hitherto unknown spiritual Truth in him, is stronger, not than ten men that have it not, or than ten thousand, but than *all* men that have it not." The essay abounds in fine thoughts, and closes hopefully. It unfolds clearly Carlyle's views on ethics, which briefly stated amount simply to this:—The great end of life is the performance of duty for its own sake, without any hope of reward, and the first of all duties is to work. The other great duty is to obey, the heroic and the divine, which will manifest themselves to all sincere men. Included in the command to work and to obey is the precept of veracity. This comprises the whole practical side of the Carlylean creed, of which all his writings are but amplifications or adaptations to particular men or events. By the standards of sincerity, insight, reverence, and power he measures all men, and on this principle conducts his literary criticisms. Of literary criticism in the true sense there is indeed hardly any to be found in Carlyle. His views of literature are based on his views of life, and he values men for what they say, and not for the way they say it. Style, therefore, is with him quite a secondary matter. Has a man an open, reverential soul; is he sincere and humble? If so, it is well with him, and he has Carlyle's benediction. But let him have industry and veracity, and lack reverence, like Voltaire and Diderot, and he is not worthy of the highest place. So Burns is placed above Byron in point of sincerity. In stating these views of life Carlyle, it is obvious, states nothing new. He simply goes back upon the original principles of thought and elements of feeling, and renews and quickens them from his own high inspiration. In the domain of feeling that man is a quack, and not a genius, who professes to have something new to say. The greatness of genius is not that it says something we have never heard before, but that it stirs anew impulses which had slumbered, and the test of its reality is the answer of each heart to the call it makes.

REMOVAL TO LONDON

AT the end of 1831, or the beginning of 1832, Carlyle journeyed to London with a manuscript in his pocket, for which he hoped to find a publisher. On his way south he stayed with his parents at Scotsbrig, near Ecclefechan, a small farm, of which the elder Carlyle was now the owner, and a melancholy interest attaches to this visit, for it was the last time that James Carlyle and his eldest son met upon this earth. The old man had gone to bed one night seemingly in his usual health, but in the morning (it was the 23rd January, 1832) they found that he had quietly passed away. "It was a fit end," said Carlyle, "for such a life as his had been. . . . Like Enoch of old, he had walked with God; and at the last he was not, for God took him." He was laid in the little kirkyard at Ecclefechan, where his first wife and two of his daughters were already sleeping. James Carlyle had lived long enough to see his son fulfil the promise of his boyhood. The journey to London was a fruitless one. No publisher could be found to accept the bewildering manuscript, and Carlyle returned to his lonely Dumfriesshire home. But when Emerson visited him in 1833, Carlyle was "already turning his eyes towards London with a scholar's appreciation," and shortly after he broke up the home where he had spent such important years, and moved southward. Writing from London to Sir William Hamilton, he says:—"We have broken up our old settlement, and after tumult enough formed a new one here under the most opposite conditions. From the ever-silent whinstones of Nithsdale to the mud-rattling pavements of Piccadilly, there is but a step. I feel it the strangest transition, but one uses himself to all. Our upholsterers, with all their rubbish and chippings, are at length handsomely swept out of doors. I have got my little book press set up, my table fixed firm in its place, and sit here awaiting what Time and I, in our questionable wrestle, shall make out between us." The house in which Carlyle and his wife now took up their residence was No. 5, Cheyne Row, Chelsea. It is an old-fashioned red-brick Queen Anne building, within a moment's walk of the river. There—though often intending to seek another resting place, and suffering much from the noise of the neighbourhood, Carlyle lived on till the day of his death. The unpretending house soon became, as it has ever since remained, one of the intellectual centres of London. Leigh Hunt, who at that time lived in the next street, was one of the earliest friends of the Carlyles. John Sterling, John Stuart Mill, John Forster, Mazzini, Thomas Cooper the Chartist, Charles Kingsley, George Henry Lewes, Froude, and Ruskin, were at different times among the most frequent guests, but there has been hardly one man of eminence of late years in England who has not at some time passed the door of the house in Cheyne Row to sit at the feet of the philosopher, or be charmed by the sweet sociality of his wife.

"SARTOR RESARTUS"

THE volume for which, in 1832, Carlyle in vain attempted to find a publisher, is now one of the English classics, and, in one direction, it shows the high-water mark of the English intellect of the nineteenth century. Composed among the solitudes around Craigenputtock it did not see the light till 1833, when it came out in parts in *Fraser's Magazine*. Its reception was cool, in many quarters contemptuous, though in America the book was at once recognised as a work of the highest genius. The title of the book, "Sartor Resartus: The Life and Opinions of Herr Teufelsdröckh," suggests its motive. It is at once revolutionary and constructive, and it contains two main lines of interest which often intersect each other, the personal experiences of an individual, and a criticism upon the spirit of the age. As regards the individual experience it may at once be said that in all essential points Diogenes Teufelsdröckh and Thomas Carlyle are one and the same man. The chapters of Book II. are, in all details of character, strictly autobiographical, and much of the incident is the simple transcription of early memories. The picture of Entepfuhr corresponds minutely with Ecclefechan even down to the "little Kuhbach gushing kindly by, among beech rows," and the "brave old Linden;" and the "Postwagen slow-rolling northwards in the dead of night, and southwards visibly at eventide," is the London and Edinburgh coach. The Annan Academy is the "Hinterschlag Gymnasium," the educational system so bitterly satirised is that of the Edinburgh University, and Blumine, the heroine of the "Æsthetic Teas" is, if rumour is at all to be relied on, drawn from life. Teufelsdröckh's famous soliloquy over the sleeping city from "the attic floor of the highest house in the Wahngasse" might just as well have been declaimed from young Carlyle's top flat near the Edinburgh University.

But fascinating as are these autobiographical researches, it is in the larger sense that "Sartor Resartus" must be studied. The book expands the ideas put forward in the essay on the "Signs of the Times." Teufelsdröckh must be regarded as the type of the finer intellect of the present day. He is a thinker and is sincere, and he finds his early creed tumbling in ruins round him; he is reverent above all, so he cannot drift into being a simple sceptic; he is loving and could embrace all mankind in his arms, and he must know the source of these emotions; he suffers terribly, and he must discover consolation. He has "a hot fever of anarchy and misery raging within," and is "quite shut-out from Hope; looking not into the golden orient, but vaguely all round into a dim copper firmament, pregnant with earthquake and tornado." So he remained till he "shook base Fear away for ever." "Ever from that time, the temper of my misery was changed: not Fear or whining Sorrow was it, but Indignation and grim fire-eyed Defiance." That was the EVERLASTING NO from which he passed into the Centre of Indifference. Then "like the mother's voice to her little child that strays bewildered, weeping, in unknown tumults" came glimpses of the truth, and he "got eye on the Knot that had been strangling him." Nature he saw was kind; the Universe was

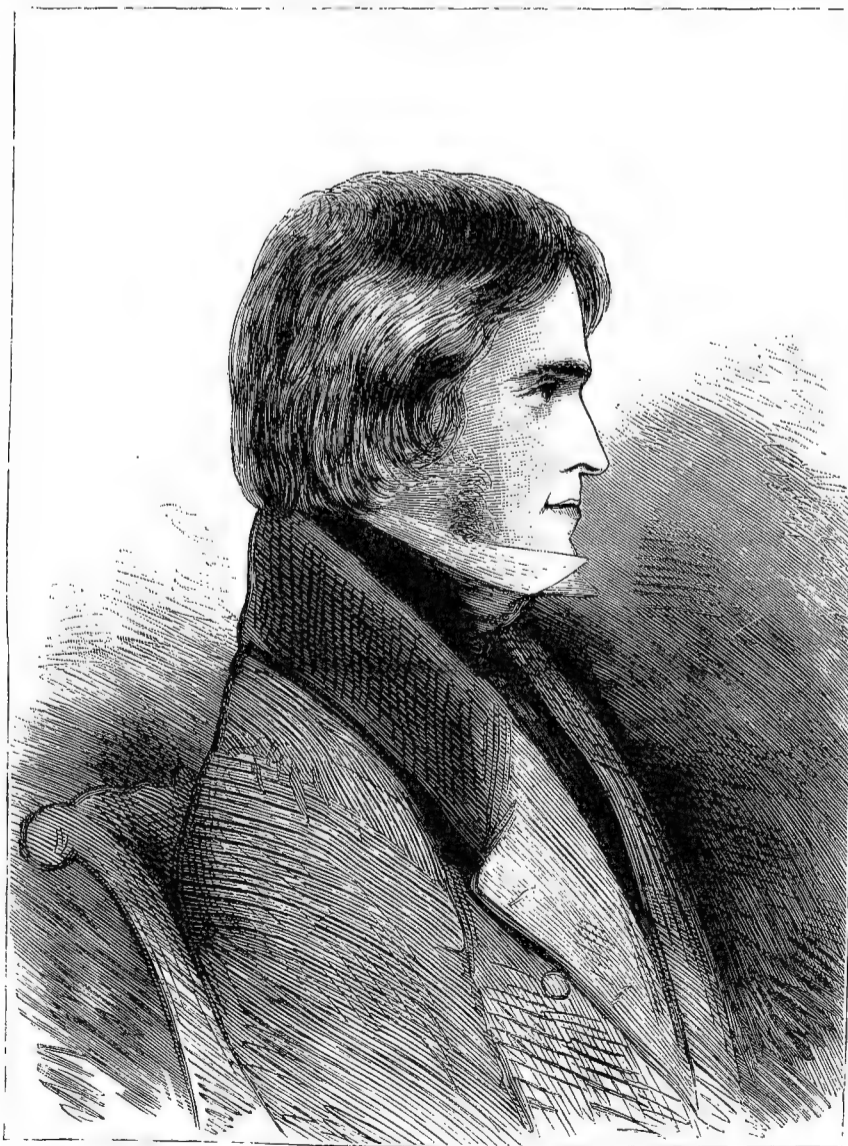
light upon his thought, it is seen that the struggle depicted in the pages of Book II. is an account of Carlyle's own passage from the Calvinism of his early youth to a broader creed, in which he had ceased to believe as fact many of the dogmas commonly understood to be included in the term "Calvinism," but in which all the essentials of the Calvinistic natural theology were retained, and even accented. In the course of the mental struggle which accompanied this change of creed Carlyle read deeply into the Transcendental Philosophy, and he found there expressions of reverence towards Nature as "a thought of God" which well fitted with the temper of his own mind, and deep sayings upon right and wrong which sounded like echoes of the theology of Calvin. He is for ever quoting Kant's declaration that the two things which filled him with awe were the starry depths of Heaven, and the conception of right and wrong in the soul of man. The practical side of Carlyle's creed, as expounded in "Sartor Resartus," is, as we have seen, the same as that insisted on in the "Signs of the Times"—that work is the first duty of man. The religious and mystical side of his creed is not so clear. There seems to be no doubt, however, that he accepted as true the position of the Transcendentalist that matter exists, but only as a phenomenon, that it is the "result of a Relation between our living Souls and the great First Cause," and that he even went further, and believed that "the organs of the Mind too, what is called the Understanding, are of no less arbitrary, and, as it were, accidental character than those of the Body." Many of the most magnificent passages in "Sartor Resartus" are couched in the terms of, and deal with the problems suggested by, the Transcendental Philosophy. But Carlyle's was not a mind to "bruise itself against stone walls." He cared little to traverse country where the footing is insecure, and he therefore always returned to the practical side of the Transcendental Creed. He believed with all the force of his soul in a Being who is the source and fountain of power, and who is the personification of all moral virtue. So much is evident; but it is less with speculations or statements concerning Ultimate Power that he occupied himself, than with the relation in which each man stands towards the soul of the Universe. This is the real and important question, and it involves that conception of the absolutely infinite gulf between good and evil which is one of the most striking of Carlyle's doctrines, which appears in "Sartor Resartus," and is urged with increasing emphasis in each succeeding volume that he wrote. The personal interest of "Sartor" consists in that autobiography of a soul an attempt at elucidating which has



THE LATE JOHN AITKEN CARLYLE, LL.D.
(BROTHER OF THOMAS CARLYLE)
Born 1801; Died 1877

not dead but godlike; and at last came the "EVERLASTING YEA, wherein all contradiction is solved: wherein whoso walks and works, it is well with him."—"Love not Pleasure; love God." That was the final settlement; and it brings as corollary the command: "Do the Duty that lies nearest thee, which thou knowest to be a Duty! Thy second Duty will already have become clearer." Translated from the gorgeous poetry of "Sartor" into the prose of every day, and gathering from the life of Carlyle facts which throw

light upon his thought, it is seen that the struggle depicted in the pages of Book II. is an account of Carlyle's own passage from the Calvinism of his early youth to a broader creed, in which he had ceased to believe as fact many of the dogmas commonly understood to be included in the term "Calvinism," but in which all the essentials of the Calvinistic natural theology were retained, and even accented. In the course of the mental struggle which accompanied this change of creed Carlyle read deeply into the Transcendental Philosophy, and he found there expressions of reverence towards Nature as "a thought of God" which well fitted with the temper of his own mind, and deep sayings upon right and wrong which sounded like echoes of the theology of Calvin. He is for ever quoting Kant's declaration that the two things which filled him with awe were the starry depths of Heaven, and the conception of right and wrong in the soul of man. The practical side of Carlyle's creed, as expounded in "Sartor Resartus," is, as we have seen, the same as that insisted on in the "Signs of the Times"—that work is the first duty of man. The religious and mystical side of his creed is not so clear. There seems to be no doubt, however, that he accepted as true the position of the Transcendentalist that matter exists, but only as a phenomenon, that it is the "result of a Relation between our living Souls and the great First Cause," and that he even went further, and believed that "the organs of the Mind too, what is called the Understanding, are of no less arbitrary, and, as it were, accidental character than those of the Body." Many of the most magnificent passages in "Sartor Resartus" are couched in the terms of, and deal with the problems suggested by, the Transcendental Philosophy. But Carlyle's was not a mind to "bruise itself against stone walls." He cared little to traverse country where the footing is insecure, and he therefore always returned to the practical side of the Transcendental Creed. He believed with all the force of his soul in a Being who is the source and fountain of power, and who is the personification of all moral virtue. So much is evident; but it is less with speculations or statements concerning Ultimate Power that he occupied himself, than with the relation in which each man stands towards the soul of the Universe. This is the real and important question, and it involves that conception of the absolutely infinite gulf between good and evil which is one of the most striking of Carlyle's doctrines, which appears in "Sartor Resartus," and is urged with increasing emphasis in each succeeding volume that he wrote. The personal interest of "Sartor" consists in that autobiography of a soul an attempt at elucidating which has



PORTRAIT OF CARLYLE FROM A SKETCH BY COUNT D'ORSAY, DRAWN IN 1834



PORTRAIT OF MRS. CARLYLE
Born July 14, 1801; Died April 21, 1866



Dr. Guthrie Sir George Harvey Mr. Carlyle Rev. Dr. Lee Professor Tyndall Sir David Brewster Professor Huxley Lord Neaves
MR. CARLYLE DELIVERING THE ADDRESS ON HIS INSTALLATION AS LORD RECTOR OF EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY, APRIL 2, 1866

been made above. The other element in the work is the criticism upon the spirit of the age, which is given in the form of a translation and exposition of a book upon "The Clothes Philosophy," by Herr Diogenes Teufelsdröckh. The idea running through this part of "Sartor Resartus" is that all the habits and institutions which man has at different times adopted or built up are but garments for his soul, and as the body wears out and outgrows its clothes, so also does the soul. Habits and institutions, therefore, require renewal from time to time, and a period had now arrived when "Society, properly so-called, is as good as extinct; and that only the gregarious feelings, and old inherited habitudes, at this juncture, hold us from Dispersion, and universal national, civil, domestic, and personal war!" The Church has "fallen speechless, from obesity and apoplexy; the State shrunken into a Police Office," and everywhere "independence" has taken the place of honour to superiors, and class is set sharply against class. These are among the signs by which Teufelsdröckh recognises the coming break-up of society. But he believes in its new birth. Like Malvolio, he thinks nobly of the soul, and believes that man has in him permanent elements of love and order which will reorganise a new world out of the chaos of to-day. This was the matter of this wonderful book. In some respects it was reactionary. It was a reaction against Gallomania, and it was in complete opposition to the tendencies of the time in its restoration of the element of wonder, and its reliance upon the power of the soul of man. As the book gradually became known, it did a great deal towards dissipating all systems of Utilitarianism.

CARLYLE'S STYLE

No great style of writing was ever invented but by a man who had something great to say, and perhaps of all men who ever wrote Carlyle is the one whose temper of mind is most clearly reflected in his style. The absolute sincerity with which it expresses the thought of the man is by nothing better shown than by the impossibility of imitating it. There are many so-called models in prose whose manner may be adopted by almost any man after a little training; but as no one else can think exactly like Carlyle, so no one else can write exactly like him.

Carlyle's literary style had definitely formed itself at the time of the publication of "Sartor Resartus," and it was quite as much the novelty of the manner, as the strangeness of the matter, that prevented the extraordinary genius of the book being at once recognised. The strong central elements of Carlyle's character being his power and his sympathy, these are accordingly the most prominent characteristics of his style. Of all Englishmen Carlyle comes nearest to Shakespeare in his superb choice of words and the magnificence of imagery, and Mr. Russell Lowell must have had these qualities in his mind when he said that had he possessed the gift of song, Carlyle would have been the greatest epic poet since Homer. The vigour and sympathy of Carlyle's mind find issue in many directions. At all hazards he will express his meaning, even if to do so he has to coin new words, and it is not a little remarkable that many of the phrases most objected to on the first appearance of "Sartor Resartus" have since passed into the language. One of his greatest gifts is his power of effective grouping by working up all the details of a picture. He uses it with telling effect in the historical works, and many instances of it are to be found in "Sartor Resartus." One form of his great sympathy consists in either identifying himself with the person speaking or acting at the time, or picturing the details so that the reader is almost forced into believing himself an actual spectator of the scenes. He employs endless devices, all springing out of his own deep interest in what he writes, to produce a vivid picture. He interrogates, exclaims, apostrophises; makes great use of nicknames, breaks off in the middle of sentences, and constantly employs the imperative mood. He is more fond of power and action than rest and sweetness, and uses his grandest language in invective or denunciation. His humour breaks out in everything he writes, playing everywhere over his serious thought. In its boisterousness it often reminds one of Richter, with whose manner Carlyle is indeed saturated. In its other phase it is quite as delicate as Sterne's, and more sincere. His pathos is deep and true.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

WITH the publication, in 1837, of "The French Revolution" Carlyle's name came for the first time definitely before the public. The work created at once a most profound impression. It was history of a style which was totally new. The whole wealth of the Carlylean vocabulary is poured forth in a series of word pictures which are without parallel in the language. The reader does not listen to a recitation of events; he takes part in them. He shudders by the bedside of Louis the Well-Beloved, shouts with the wild assailants of the Bastille, and sees the head of Foulon carried through the streets. When he lays down the book he feels that he has known the characters of the drama. Danton, and Mirabeau, and Camille Desmoulins, and Marie Antoinette and Charlotte Corday are no longer names; they are friends. So overmastering is the interest of the tale that it is only by an effort that we can realise the supreme intellectual feat which such a work implies. To consult all authorities, even the most insignificant, which could throw light on the events, to keep the threads of narrative and chain of circumstances distinct in the mind, and weld all into one magnificent prose epic, is such a task as could have

been accomplished in this century by only one man. His successful achievement places Carlyle for ever among the greatest masters of literature. In the preparation of the book he went through a terrible trial. John Stuart Mill had once intended to write a history of the French Revolution, and had collected much material which he handed to Carlyle. The latter, when the second volume was complete, lent the manuscript to Mill for his perusal. Mill was filled with admiration for the work, and passed on the manuscript to Mrs. Taylor, who was so carried away by its fascination that she sat reading till an early hour in the morning. Through some unaccountable mischance the precious papers were left about the room, and, as is supposed, were used by the housemaid in the morning to light the fire. At all events they were never seen again. Carlyle, when he heard the news, was like "a man staggered by a heavy blow." He set to work to rewrite the book, but could not pen a line. "At length, as I sat by the window," the words are Carlyle's reported by an American preacher, "half-hearted and dejected, my eye wandered along over acres of roofs, I saw a man standing upon a scaffold, engaged in building a wall—the wall of a house. With his trowel he would lay a great splash of mortar upon the last layer, and then brick after brick would be deposited on this, striking each with the butt of his trowel, as if to give it his benediction and farewell; and all the while singing or whistling as blithe as a lark." And the poor mason's cheery example lent fresh courage to the great historian. "So I arose and washed my face and felt that my head was anointed, and gave myself to relaxation—to what they call 'light literature.' I read nothing but novels for weeks. I was surrounded by heaps of rubbish and chaff. I read all the novels of that person who was once a Captain in the Royal Navy—and an extraordinary ornament he must have been to it: the man that wrote stories about dogs that had their tails cut off, and about people in search of their father; and it seemed to me that of all the extraordinary dunces that had figured upon this planet he must certainly bear the palm from every one save the readers of his books. And, thus refreshed, I took heart of grace again, applied me to my work, and in the course of time 'The French Revolution' got finished, as all things must, sooner or later."

"HERO WORSHIP"

JUST about the time of the publication of "The French Revolution," Carlyle first appeared before the public as a lecturer, choosing for his subjects "German Literature," "The History of Literature," "The Revolutions of Modern Europe," and "Protestantism, Faith in the Bible, Luther, Knox, and Gustavus Adolphus." The lectures were only moderately successful, and have not been republished, but in 1840 he delivered a remarkable series of discourses "On Heroes." They deal successively with the Hero as Divinity, Prophet, Poet, Priest, Man of Letters, and King, and it would be difficult to name any other book which contains so much excellent criticism, and which abounds in such fine passages. It is informed throughout with the special genius of Carlyle, and puts forward that side of his constructive teaching of which he sounded the first note in "The Signs of the Times." "Heroes and Hero Worship" may be taken as a sermon on the text in "Sartor Resartus," that "great men are the fire-pillars of this universe." It maintains the doctrine that "what man has accomplished in this world is at bottom the History of the Great Men who have worked here," and calls on all to learn to know the great man when he appears, to follow him loyally, believing him to be in very truth a messenger from on high. As a series of biographies and elucidations of character and motives, the lectures on Heroes are absolutely unique in English literature.

CARLYLE'S POLITICS

CARLYLE'S political opinions were directly founded upon his ideas of ethics and religion. It has been seen that in "Sartor Resartus" he expressed the most despairing views on the present state of society, and throughout the whole of his subsequent writings his pessimism became more and more confirmed. He threw the whole weight of his enormous influence right athwart the stream of modern tendencies. He disbelieved altogether in Parliamentary Government and the extension of the franchise, and since the death of Sir Robert Peel seems to have had no faith whatever in any public leader. He was a political Ishmael, and no party could claim him as an ally. He extolled Conservatism in the abstract, and yet was not a Conservative. He hated revolution and anarchy, and agreed on many points with the Radicals. The fact is that Carlyle was too great a man to identify himself with any party expressing a half truth. Rightly speaking he could not be called a politician at all. His books dealing with the evils of modern society, "Chartism," published in 1838, "Past and Present" in 1843, and "Latter Day Pamphlets" in 1850, breathe nothing but sorrow and denunciation. In the terrible earnestness of the attack upon the shams of this age they resemble nothing so much as the utterances of a Hebrew prophet. The only remedies for existing evils in which Carlyle had any faith were emigration and education. Yet here and there he makes excellent practical suggestions of a minor character. He is never tired of declaring that there is no Morrison's pill to cure the ills of society, that men must return to the principles of veracity of which they have lost sight, and clearly enough he states it as his belief that a despotism is the best form of government. In all this there is nothing surprising to those who have studied the development of Carlyle's mind. It is the natural result at which he must have arrived.

OLIVER CROMWELL

BETWEEN "Past and Present" and "Latter Day Pamphlets," that is in the year 1845, Carlyle published his second great historical work, "The Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell." He went through an incredible amount of labour in collecting material for the book. He says: "The authentic utterances of the man Oliver himself I have gathered from far and near; fished them up from the foul Lethean quagmires where they lay buried. I have washed, or endeavoured to wash, them clean from foreign stupidities—such a job of buckwashing as I do not long to repeat—and

the world shall now see them in their own shape." There never was any work which more completely settled an historical dispute. Cromwell's place in English and the world's history is now settled, and further investigation will only prove the truth of Carlyle's view of the Protector. Avowedly biographical as the book is, and composed chiefly of letters, it is to the interspersed elucidation that it owes its real value. Some of Carlyle's finest writing is contained in these volumes, notably the description of the Battle of Dunbar.

"JOHN STERLING"

IN the beautiful biography of John Sterling, published in 1851, the world gets a glimpse of Carlyle in the domestic and friendly relations. This small volume of "swift scribbling" arose out of the necessity which Carlyle felt laid upon him to put the memory of his dead friend in a true light before the world. Over the career of Sterling there had been waged a theological debate, and the life of him which had been written by Archdeacon Hare took, in Carlyle's opinion, only a very partial and one-sided view of his really beautiful character. "John Sterling," however, owes its chief importance to the light which it throws on Carlyle himself, on which account it will long remain of enduring interest.

"FREDERICK THE GREAT"

NO sooner was the biography of Sterling given to the world than Carlyle settled down to the crowning effort of his long literary career. This was a "History of Frederick the Great," which was not completed until 1865. It is not possible to regard the choice of the subject as a very happy one. Frederick cannot be made, even by Carlyle, to command our complete respect. Still, as a literary work it is a monument of genius. It is quite as vivid as "The French Revolution," and is not open to the criticism sometimes brought against the latter that without a previous knowledge of the events of the time the history would be incomprehensible. The life of Frederick the Great is made by Carlyle to include the history of Europe during the eighteenth century, and the intricate maze of the petty politics of the time is reduced to order by the admirable headings and epitomes with which the book is everywhere elucidated.

REMAINING YEARS

WITH the appearance of "Frederick the Great," Carlyle's literary activity practically came to a close, and in the following year he was chosen Rector of the University of Edinburgh, the opposing candidate being Lord Beaconsfield. His speech at his installation was the most important public event of his life. The occasion excited the greatest interest all over the country. It was probably felt that this would be the last occasion on which the great philosopher would appear in public, and every one was anxious to know what he would say. Contrary to the expectations of many, the Address was marked by a return to the old manner. There was none of the bitterness of the "Latter Day Pamphlets," but rather the hopefulness of "Sartor Resartus." The speech, delivered in the old Annandale accent, which long residence in London had failed to soften, was cheered enthusiastically by the students, and it was felt that it was a happy coincidence that Sir David Brewster, now the Principal of the University, once editor of the "Edinburgh Cyclopædia," should thus, after so many years, be brought again into connection with his old contributor. There were many distinguished men present. Sir David Brewster, of course, was in the chair, and on his right sat the Lord Rector, Professors Huxley, Tyndall, and Muirhead, Lord Provost Chambers, the Rev. Dr. Lee, and the other college professors of the time, Dr. Rae, the Arctic explorer, Dr. Guthrie, Lord Neaves, Mr. Harvey, President of the Royal Academy, and Sir D. Baxter, were among those upon the platform. As the new Lord Rector stood up to deliver his Address after the preliminary business had been gone through, he shook off his robe of office and advanced to the table.—No sooner was the Edinburgh installation over than a heavy trial fell upon Carlyle. He received news of the death of his wife. Mrs. Carlyle was driving in Hyde Park when she saw her favourite dog suddenly in danger of being run over. She motioned the coachman to stop, and took the dog into the carriage, but the shock had been so severe that she died before reaching home. The blow was a terrible one for Carlyle. Mrs. Carlyle was buried at Haddington, and on the gravestone the bereaved widower recorded that "for forty years she was the true and loving helpmate of her husband, and by act and word unweariedly forwarded him as none else could in all of worthy that he did or attempted." Mrs. Carlyle was admirably fitted to be the wife of a man of genius. It was said that those who came to sit at his feet remained at hers. "She was able to live," said Charlotte Cushman, "in the full light of Carlyle's genius and celebrity without being overpowered by it; she was in her own way as great as he, and yet lived only to minister to him." From the anecdote narrated some way back, it will be seen that her educational advantages had been unusually good for a girl of that time. "Clever, witty, calm, cool, unsmiling, unsparring, a raconteur unparalleled, a manner unimitable, and behaviour scrupulous, and a power invincible—a combination rare and strange exists in that plain, keen, unattractive, yet unescapable woman." Such is the enthusiastic judgment of Miss Cushman. On a few occasions within the last ten years Carlyle came again before the public, with utterances on the Governor Eyre prosecutions, and the Franco-German and Russo-Turkish wars. He published also an essay on the "Early Kings of Norway," and another on the "Portraits of John Knox." For some years past his health had been gradually failing, and at the beginning of last week it was seen that death was not far distant. Up to Thursday, the 3rd of February he was fully conscious, and was able to recognise his niece Mrs. Alexander Carlyle, and her husband, who both watched him with the most tender assiduity. On that day, however, consciousness was rapidly leaving him, and he began to reject the brandy and water that had helped to sustain him, and literally took nothing. On Friday entire unconsciousness supervened, and at half-past eight in the morning there was just one faint quiver of expiring breath, one slight flutter, and the soul of the great philosopher had fled to the Still Country.

THE READER

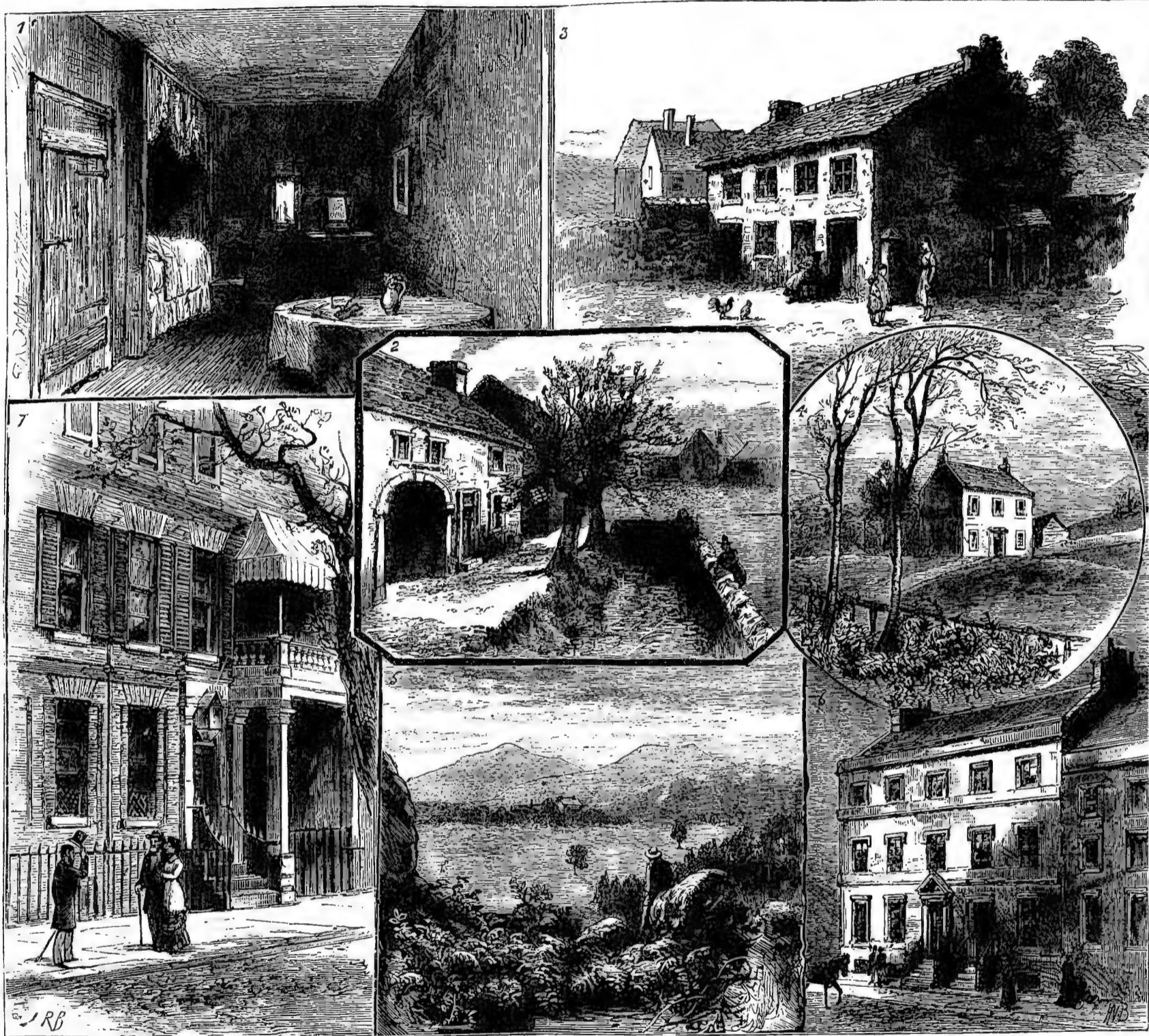
To most readers the new number of the "Great Artists" Series (Sampson Low and Co.) will be specially attractive. After all we care more for our own people than for strangers; and Mr. G. M. Brock-Arnold has done full justice to "Gainsborough" and "Constable," besides prefacing his volume with a good sketch of the British Landscape school. The illustrations, too, are very much improved; though pictures like "The Blue Boy" and "The Duchess of Devonshire" are naturally a trial to the engraver. Of the loss and recovery of the latter picture Mr. Arnold does not say a word. He is justly severe on Ruskin's unfairness to Constable; the painter of "The White Horse" and "The Hay Wain" cannot be charged with "painting great-coat weather and nothing more." But surely he has an exaggerated respect for West. Fancy West patting Constable on the back and giving him hints about *chiaroscuro*. It is as absurd as Sir G. Beaumont worrying him about his "brown tree." We quite agree with Mr. Arnold that Constable has a place of his own, and an honorable one, among our landscape painters. He chose his own line, and kept to it; and of the independence which marks our British school he had almost more than

his share. Of course one who dealt in broad effects could not be popular with those who subordinate everything to laborious detail. Of the two lives Gainsborough's is the most interesting; a man so hot-tempered that he smeared out the almost finished portrait of a noble lord whom he overheard calling him "that fellow" has left many anecdotes of himself. Gainsborough was often a careless painter; his "Shepherd Boy in the Shower" is on the wrong side of the hedge, so as to get all the rain; but he is deliciously natural—contrast his children with Reynolds's—and in the permanence of his colours he has another great advantage over Sir Joshua. Few things are stranger in the history of Art than his success and the neglect of his now prized contemporary Wilson.

Mr. Sayce's new edition of Mr. George Smith's "Chaldean Account of Genesis" (S. Low and Co.) is virtually a new work, so much has our knowledge of Assyrian lore grown during the last five years. Smith did wonders, but he could not help making mistakes; for instance, Oppert has shown that what he believed to be a record of the Fall is really a Hymn to the Creator. Mr. Sayce has quite lately discovered that the hero who is identified with Nimrod, and who has been provisionally named Izdubar, was originally the Accadian fire-god, the three ideographs composing his name being

wood and the lower lip, showing that the fire-stick, a piece of wood with a lip or groove in it, was once used in Babylonia. The Accadian pronunciation of the name Mr. Sayce thinks was "Kibirra." An engraving shows the fragmentary state in which the baked-clay tablets were found, and fully accounts for the difficulties of the decipherer. The intensely interesting character of the book is much enhanced by the way in which Mr. Sayce has remodelled it. To Oppert, Lenormant, Delitzsch, Schrader, &c., he owes much; and his own contributions to Assyriology are by no means trifling. On a hitherto unnoticed tablet in the British Museum, for instance, he has found a text which seems to refer to the destruction by a rain of fire of the Cities of the Plain. George Smith believed that we shall never understand the connection between Semitic and Babylonian traditions till the early Syrian literature is recovered. The work is in every way what we might expect from a philologist of Mr. Sayce's known ability.

"The Evolutionist at Large" (Chatto and Windus) and "Plant Life" (Jupp) are both very pleasant reading; and the latter, dedicated to the Lambeth Field Club, is a model of what popular writing ought to be. Full of all kinds of information, so clear that even the dullest has henceforth no excuse for ignorance about



1. Room in the Arched House, Ecclefechan, Dumfriesshire, in which Carlyle was Born.—2. The Arched House, Ecclefechan, Dumfriesshire.—3. House in Matthew Murray's Close, Ecclefechan, to which James Carlyle moved shortly after the Birth of Thomas.—4. Carlyle's House at Craigenputtock, Dumfriesshire.—5. Carlyle's House at Craigenputtock, Dumfriesshire, Distant View.—6. The Academy at Annan where Carlyle was educated from 1803 to 1810.—7. The House in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, Inhabited by Carlyle since 1834.

BIRTHPLACE AND RESIDENCES OF THOMAS CARLYLE

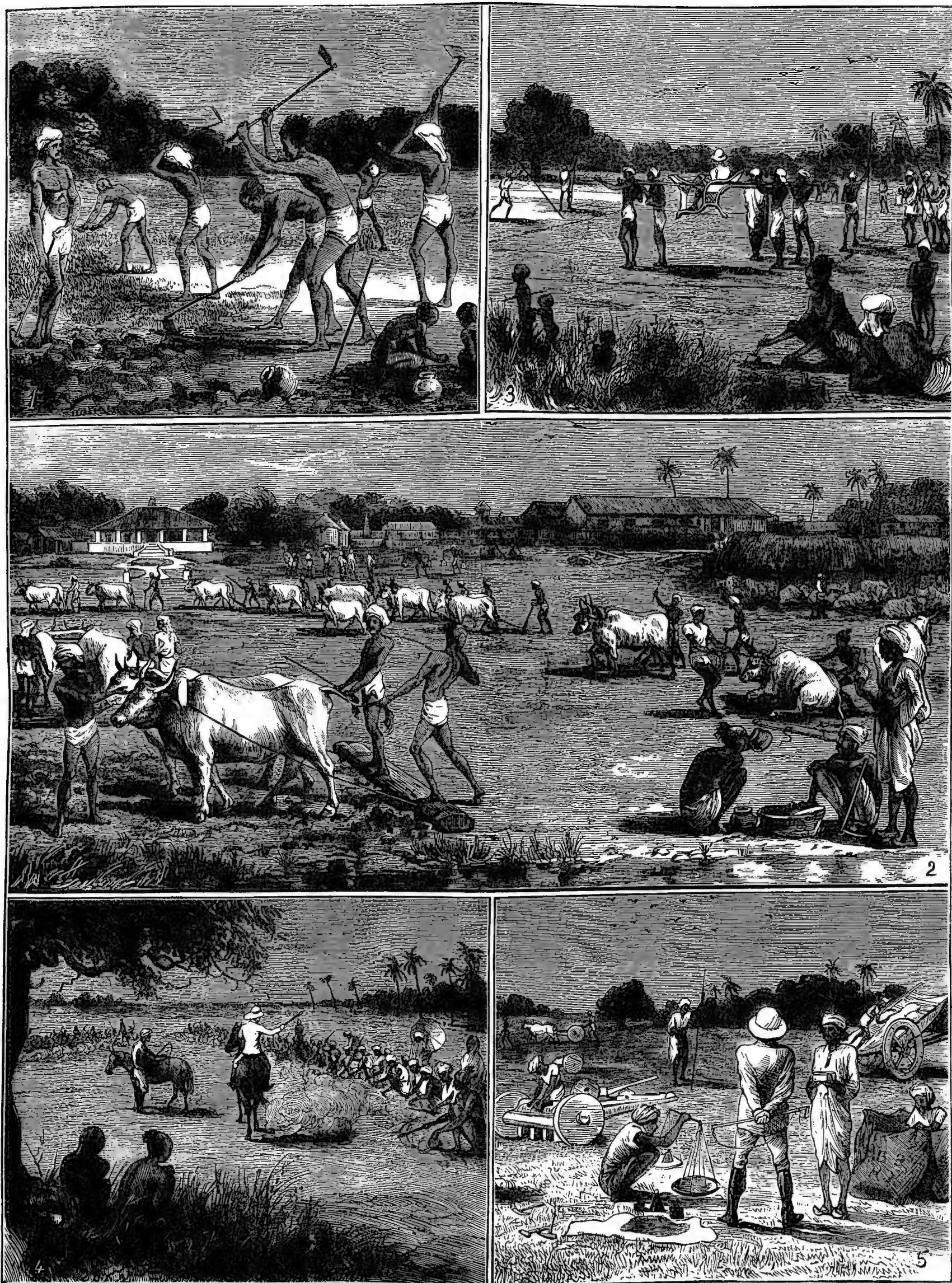
polymorphism and prothallus, it gives us the cream of Darwin and all the ideas that are in the air, without forcing us along any of the grooves of scientific dogmatism. We are glad to hear that the sundew is still plentiful "on the bogs near London," where we have often found it years ago along with the cotton grass, which used to grow on Hampstead Heath. From trifles, like the altering of folk's (*i.e.*, fairies') glove into fox-glove, to serious matters like the waste of forests, "making the earth bald before her time," and the change which shutting cattle off land works in its plants and insects and birds, everything that bears on plant-life is touched on in what are in every sense truly "popular papers." Of "The Evolutionist" some will be tempted to say that he ought not to be left at large till he has learned reticence. One who writes so charmingly and describes so clearly as Mr. Grant Allen should not give in to the slang of the day, and assure us that the two great groups of plants "must have split off millions of years ago." His book is a series of assumptions; we grant that a slug is a snail with the shell inside; that a salmon is a trout; that the bindweed is on the road to becoming a parasite; that crabs are lobsters who, living on sandy bottoms, have had no work for a tail, and have therefore only got "a useless historical relic;" but it does stagger us to be told that a cocoa-nut is a kind of plum. We prefer drawing the line at crabs, lest we have to admit that everything is not itself but some-

thing else. We wish we could have had Mr. Allen's style and his keen love of nature without his "crudities."

On December 19th, two days after writing the preface to "The Natural History of British Fishes" (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge), Mr. Frank Buckland died. A melancholy interest, therefore, attaches to this book, in which we have his last words on the subject which he knew so well, and in treating which he had become a national benefactor. On Dec. 27th he meant to have distributed prizes to master-trawlers for recorded observations on the bottom of the North Sea, "Our Great Fish Farm," of which, as well as of the habits of its "stock," we are, he says, so deplorably ignorant. This ignorance has delayed that legislative action which has worked so well in the case of river fish; while the seriousness of the question: "How long will things go on as they now are?" used, Mr. Buckland says, to make him shudder. He learnt so much as Government Commissioner that the present work, though nominally a new edition of the "Familiar History of British Fishes," is also an introduction to that science of aquiculture "which is as important as agriculture." When we read of five or six thousand miles of herring nets dropped every night in the North Sea, we can form some idea of the value of our sea fisheries. But the author by no means confines himself to fish-culture. A born naturalist, he writes (pleasantly as he always does) of the habits of fishes, specially

noting the evidence of design in their conformation, and flinging his father's "Bridgewater Treatise" at the heads of the evolutionists. We believe, with him, that the salmon which the apprentices disliked so much that they were protected against it by a clause in their indentures were "spent kelts;" but we cannot think that the salmon in the rivers had anything to do with the sites chosen for our cathedrals. The Christian Knowledge Society has done well in republishing such a delightful, and at the same time valuable, book.

As Mr. A. G. Weld says, there are plenty of books about the Holy Land; but still an intelligent traveller who will describe things just as he saw them, and not as he has read about them in Stanley or Tristram, is pretty sure to make an interesting volume. And "Sacred Palm Lands" (Longmans) is certainly interesting. It contains a good deal that is new; and old scenes are painted in a fresh and striking way. Of the Saadiyeh, for instance, we have never read a better account than Mr. Weld's. One thinks of the dervish-dance as something quaintly solemn; the truth is "nothing but Doré's illustrations of the 'Inferno' can give any idea of it." Mr. Weld believes the *fellaheen* of Palestine to be not Arabs but more or less pure descendants of the old Canaanites, very clever, good workers—if the stupid system of taxation did not bring about the same result that the Home Rulers say landlordism has brought about in Ireland.



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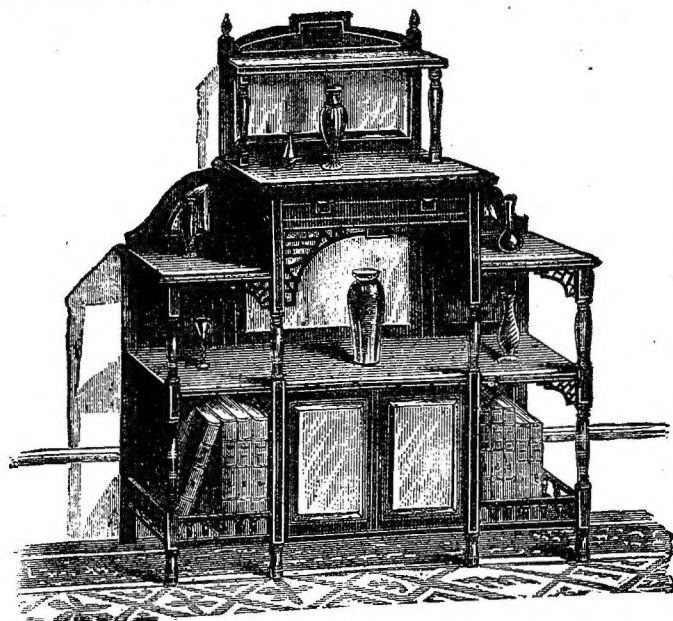
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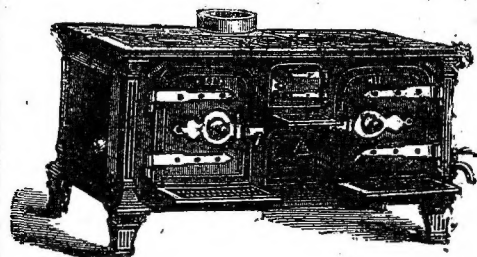
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